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SECRET MEMOIRS

OF

NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

VOL. I.

Printed by Schulze & Dean, 31, Poland Street, London.

Denis, Charles, de Bourgon

SECRET MEMOIRS

OF

NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

WRITTEN BY

ONE WHO NEVER QUITTED HIM FOR FIFTEEN YEARS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

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PREFACE.

The favourable reception given by the Public to my *Historical Memoir concerning Buonaparte*, is one of the least motives which has induced me to undertake the present work. Six editions, of a thousand copies each, circulated in so short a time, would indeed be a sufficient motive for again employing my pen upon the same subject; but it is impossible not to feel that such success was the effect of circumstances alone. Other reasons influence me to engage in this new undertaking.

Naturally endowed with strong sensibility, how often have I wept over our sanguinary laurels! Few men in France more ardently desired a new

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order of things; what happiness, therefore, did I not experience, when I saw the usurper compelled to resign his prey! This was a pleasure which I could feel more forcibly than any other person, because I was more impressed than any other with the firm conviction that the misfortunes of France would never cease, while she continued to receive laws from Buonaparte.

But it is not sufficient that the Colossus is no more; it must be proved irrefutably, even to his partisans, supposing any to remain to him, that if he was a Colossus in the eyes of the world, it was because he was never seen by them except through a prism.

Whoever would write the history of Buonaparte, ought to be at once a Tacitus and a Suetonius. Without the united qualities of both these historians, a complete history of the maddest usurper it has ever fallen to the

lot of history to celebrate, can never be expected.

There are men who will be more charmed by a single stroke from the pen of Suetonius, than by one of the excellent chapters of Tacitus; and this class of men ever was, ever will be, and ought to be, the most numerous.

Although the character of Buonaparte is not, in real fact, difficult to be defined, I am certain, that of ten men who had lived each a month with him alternately, not two would be found concurring in their sentiments respecting him. See him at the Tuileries, see him at St. Cloud, he is not the same man; have occasion to converse with him at Schœnbrunn, he is still a different personage; pay your court to him at Marrac, you would no longer suppose him the same.

But even from contemplating him under these different points of view, even from noting down facts collected

upon the spot, no historian whatever would be able to present a faithful portrait of this versatile usurper, if he had not been enabled to collect documents of his private life, to witness his daily habits, his private manners, his language. In these things alone would the skilful painter find the colours necessary for giving a faithful representation of the political life, mournfully picturesque, of a man whose excesses have endangered the overthrow of all Europe. In such a case, to omit the shadows, would be to fail in giving the picture.

I cannot but soothe myself with the belief, that any endeavours to convince the various classes of the great family of Frenchmen, how entirely the usurper was what our supineness, our weakness, and circumstances made him, not what he ought to have been, is to serve the cause of our king, of our country, of humau nature. The facts here

given will not be derived only from *they say*; they have been noted down in the closet, upon the knee, I might almost say, of the despot.

Many persons have written upon Buonaparte, all have failed in attaining the end at which they aimed, that of shewing him such as he is. The reason is, that some wrote in the tumult of passion, others in the delirium of joy, others in the hope of paying their court to him. What has been the result? That all the portraits given have, for want of a tranquil resemblance, borne a suspicious aspect. It appears astonishing, that among so many sketches, some of which were produced by persons of no small merit and talent, not a writer was to be found capable of bearing in mind, *that he who aims at proving too much, proves nothing*. This truth has by others been felt so strongly, that the Abbé de M... said, in remarking on the different

writers who have treated of Buonaparte—" Their sanguinary impostures " will throw doubts upon sanguinary " truths." Such was the reflection of a man of penetration, who strongly felt that the French, worn out with a recapitulation of crimes and murders for five-and-twenty years, would place in the class of political falsehood acts of atrocity, which, however true, were rendered revolting by the manner of representing them.

It was necessary, very necessary, in order to detach the multitude from the opinion they had formed respecting the martial and political genius of Buonaparte, to present them with numberless facts which degrade and condemn him; but it was enough that the facts should be simply exposed in terms free from resentment and bitterness, and, above all, with the colour of truth. It was impolitic to oppose public opinion, how erroneous soever it might

be, too roughly; if we would compel a man to acknowledge his errors, we must prove to him mildly that they are such. Many honest-minded persons have disapproved the stile adopted by certain writers of the day; it is a mode of writing which approaches too nearly to that in use during the most bloody periods of our revolution. It is an historian that we wish not a bigotted determined accuser. It is not always necessary for proving a murder that the victim, palpitating and rolling in his blood, should be exhibited. Some writers have done still more; horrible truths have not sufficed for them, they have had recourse to horrible impostures; — to useless falsehoods which goad the heart, and which serve the cause of the ill-intentioned so much the more effectually, inasmuch as their falsehood can be instantly demonstrated.

In the *Journal des Débats* of the

9th of September last, among the strictures upon a pamphlet, entiled *The Sepulchres of the Grand Army*, we find it asserted that, in the expedition to Egypt, the wounded who were carried to Jaffa did not die of the plague, but were poisoned by order of the general in chief. Such an act would, indeed, be without example in the annals of crimes; but, thanks to Heaven, the accusation is false, as I can prove unanswerably.

The wounded had already been some time at Jaffa, when the plague commenced its ravages. Soldiers and inhabitants were alike attacked; for the truth of this, let the assertion of Mons. C——, a celebrated physician attached to the expedition, be consulted. Had such an atrocity been really practised it must have been known immediately; if none but Frenchmen had been attacked, then indeed the charge would have worn some colour of truth; but

soldiers and inhabitants falling alike victims, if the one were poisoned, the others must have been poisoned also. Let the possibility of this double poisoning be proved to me, and I shall believe in the suicide of Pichegru. A stronger circumstance still in favour of the non-existence of the crime is, that many of the French soldiers, as well as of the inhabitants, recovered from the disease.

I must console myself with the belief that no one will suspect any inclination towards the despot leads me to give this formal contradiction to the accusation in question. Napoleon is now under the lash both of truth and of imposture ; he has merited his fate. It was the love of truth alone, it was honour, it was humanity, which urged me to remove this horrible imputation. Whoever may be the author of it, I must hope that he has not reflected well upon the consequences of what

he asserts; that he does not see that his silence with respect to the accessories in such an atrocity, implicates the characters of all the brave warriors by whom the general was surrounded, for accomplices he necessarily must have had. If he himself did not administer the poison, and that he should administer it was impossible, who were the infamous agents employed by him? could they be Frenchmen?—Frenchmen, I appeal to ye all!

Remains of the heroes who, in the name of your country, followed a Corsican to the soil on which your God was immolated, answer me!—If your general, with a purse of gold in one hand and a paper of poison in the other, had said to any one among you: "Here is gold, take it, it is "yours; but here is also poison, "away to Jaffa, poison twelve hundred "of your companions in glory, your "friend, your brother perhaps!"—

Frenchmen, you shudder!—you stand acquitted. Was a native of the country the poisoner? the executioner?—He then poisoned his own countrymen also, for I repeat it, Mussulmans and Frenchmen alike fell victims. Buonaparte was, at that time, so cordially detested in Egypt, that the fact would soon have transpired. As to the devotedness of Buonaparte, of which so much has been said, all who were present know very well how that is to be appreciated; they all, while doing justice to the admirable work by which it is celebrated,* cannot refrain shrugging their shoulders thinking of the subject.

Let all such means of detraction be suppressed! the cause of our country is too good, the crimes of its oppressor too numerous for recourse to be had

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* *The infected with the plague at Jaffa*, a picture, by Mons. Gros.

to calumny and imposture. It would have been much wiser, much more politic to recollect the admonition of the president Seguier to a witness whose deposition seemed very much to outrage truth. "Relate your story "simply," said he, "and never forget "that over-charged accusations will "ever assume, in the eyes of the court, "the appearance of calumny." It must, however, be acknowledged, that if ever imposture could be excused, the circumstances would justify the exaggerations of these writers.

Many very worthy people, harassed, oppressed for fifteen years, have felt themselves relieved all on a sudden by being able to give way to a bitterness not well reflected upon. They have not, in what they wrote, paid attention to times, to places, to men, to circumstances. For fifteen years dazzling victories, splendid conquests, fascinated the eyes of nine-tenths of France with

regard to a man, the commencement of whose career seduced all Europe. At length the mask fell and the hero disappeared. Stunned with his fall, the people remained stupified, doubting still whether he who was thus fallen was the same that had long held them entranced with astonishment. It is then a great want of judgment to expect that in one day, and without any respect shewn to their feelings, several millions of men can be made to blush at their errors, at their blindness. It is not by thrusting and jostling that political opinions are to be overcome and dispersed.

Honoured a thousand and a thousand times, be the discreet writer who pities, and who would enlighten me! If, at first, he finds me alarmed at the paths of truth along which he would lead me, and perceives me start back some steps, how I love to see him, as a sensible and intelligent guide, start back

with me, smile at my self-love, or rather at my obstinacy, hold out his hand to me generously, and lead me by strong, mild reasoning, to say to him at length, "Worthy man, I was in an error, I "owe to the mildness of your logic "the advantage of thinking better in "future! I thank you for it, you "have neither blustered, or humbled "me."

I do not pretend to arraign any one, I have neither the desire or the means to do so; I only regret to see good writers forget that, whether from self-love or ignorance, a man does not immediately dash to pieces the statue which he has been accustomed to worship. This is unfortunately the case at present with more than one Frenchman.

It remains for me now to answer the journalist who has given strictures upon my *Historical Memoir*. That

work is so much connected with the present, that in vindicating the authenticity of the one, I sustain that of the other.

" The author of the *Historical Memoir*," says the editor, " declares that " he never quitted Buonaparte for fif- " teen years." This is very true. " Many particulars are given which, " in fact, indicate a man attached to " his personal service, who saw him " daily, who had habitual access to " him in his very closet." This again is true. " The number of persons who " can come under this description is " not great, and they are well known " to the public." This I very much doubt. " Some men have been named " who have warmly disavowed the " work—with the opinions of others it " does not concur." It was very natural that the public should wish to discover the author, but in this they

will never be gratified, without I chuse to be known. Yet, not to give occasion for farther researches, I will acknowledge fairly that I am among those who have *warmly disavowed the work.* It is not that I consider it as reflecting upon the honour and the reputation of the writer, but because I have reasons for wishing to keep myself unknown which are not of a nature to be made public.

It has been found singular that in speaking of General Vandamme, I should apply to him the epithet of *unfortunate.* The editor would not have been so much astonished, had he known that on the twenty-third of April last I received a letter from Buda, dated the nineteenth of March, in which I was informed that General Vandamme, preferring death to being dragged into Siberia, had destroyed himself. The public prints have since

repeated this story, I believe from my letter, which I shewed to several different persons. I have the original still in my possession, stamped with the post-mark of Buda.

A much heavier imputation, I must own, has been laid to my charge, one much more difficult to be repelled, because it is not possible to repel an existing fact. I am reproached, mildly however, with being guilty of a deep offence in betraying the secrets of my master. I have nothing to answer ;—fully convicted, I am still disposed to hope that the acknowledgment of my fault will give me a claim to some indulgence. If it be otherwise, I appeal to the present work ; there I dare flatter myself, my excuse will be found. The system which I laid down to myself will there be developed. It is one which I have constantly followed by day and by night, in France, in Austria,

in Prussia and in Russia; a system which has given occasion to numberless observations, which has cost me much labour, and thrown me into some dangers.

I am obliged to the journalist for the honour he does me in thinking me capable of having traced a plan to myself in my *Historical Memoir*; I acknowledge, to my shame, that if the letter, to which he alludes, be in its proper place, I am indebted for it to chance, and that nothing which precedes or follows it was inserted with the view of adding to its effect.

I know not why the authenticity of this letter is denied, since it has long been known, and many persons of note have had copies of it. I shall only observe, that I was obliged to make five abbreviations in it. It is not surprising that some should have endeavoured to disprove it; they were interested in so

doing. It is painful for any one to be forced to confess that persons have been found courageous enough to brave the hatred of the despot, and the dangers incurred by differing from his opinions, and to tell him their sentiments freely—it is painful, I say, for them to be obliged to confess this, since they must then feel that they ought to blush at having failed in the first duties of their situation, that of nobly resisting the guilty projects of an ambitious man, whose pleasure was to overturn States, and carry desolation among the people. Buonaparte had so entirely bent the minds of all around him to his will, to his despotism, that whoever dared resist him, dared to analyse his projects and comment upon the folly of them, became a problem in the eyes of the courtiers. Those who were sensible that they could not stand a comparison with the honest

and courageous man, whose dignified boldness made them appear little even in their own eyes, have thought it expedient to dery the existence of such an one. They have done still worse, they have ascribed false views to him, and supposed him leagued in guilty connections. — Vain efforts! truth pierces through all, and the man whom she wounds may well writhe, she is not the less still constant, still the same; it is a limpid water, which the vase cannot prevent from purifying itself, and becoming clear.

In this work, the great events which have signalized the reign of Buonaparte, will be sought for in vain; it is for the pen of history to dwell upon them; the materials which compose the present Memoirs will be drawn from his private life. The author could not see every thing, but he will write nothing except what he has seen,

what he has strong reason to surmise, or of which he is very certain. His sketches will not have the proportions of great subjects, but for that reason they will possess a greater charm. His opinions will be grafted upon facts, they will be supported by a long and constant study of the subject. As to the portraits of the different persons belonging to the court of Buonaparte, honour and truth oblige me to say, that it is very possible they may not be after nature, that the defects ascribed to the subjects drawn may be exaggerated; I could even wish that they may not be faithful resemblances; but this I can affirm, that they are drawn after the ideas which Buonaparte had himself formed of the models; he was the painter, I only exhibit his pictures. I have had the precaution not to put names to them; if any one finds his own likeness in the sketch, I advise

him to keep silence, and still more to pardon me. All will know well that it was amply in my power to have been much more mortifying, not to say worse.

SECRET MEMOIRS

OF

NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

No person in the world knew Buonaparte better than myself; no person in the world could know him better—I will not say unless it were himself, for more than once I have guessed what he would do, even before he had projected the thing. It is I alone who am authorised to use such expressions; I should condemn them in any other writer. Nevertheless, if their rashness pass the bounds prescribed by pretension itself, it is that I have so deeply and so uninterruptedly studied

the person whose features I sketch, that I have myself the fullest conviction of the truth of what I say.

Princes, ministers, generals, men in place, have frequented Buonaparte, have conversed with him often in public, sometimes in private. These persons may perhaps know him better under the great relations of political, civil, and military interests; but they have scarcely ever seen the prince except through the medium of discussions and debates upon different affairs of importance; then occupied entirely with the interests, with the business they were discussing, could they give a studied, a concentrated attention to the study of the man. No, such a study will not admit of any thing that distracts the attention; it can only be

the task of one who capable of pursuing it with a patience, a tenacity, which a taste of a very peculiar kind could alone render practicable.

Buonaparte was, by character, always either more or less occupied internally. The moment that he was no longer surrounded by others, he fell into soliloquy, often accompanying his words with appropriate gestures, the same gestures being almost always used under the same circumstances. The application which I made continually of his pantomime to the affairs by which he was then occupied, combined with the mute examinations of which he was constantly the object, have often given me the solution of matters which would otherwise still have remained

problems to me. So perfectly assured was I of the truth of my analysis of these gestures and soliloquies, that I would have wagered my whole fortune upon never being ten times out of a hundred mistaken in it.

Had he just quitted you, were you the object by whom he was occupied internally and externally,—if he had deceived you by false promises, or if he believed you his dupe in any way whatever, I instantly guessed it. His step was then irregular, hurried, and eager; he walked about the room with his head cast down and looking at his hands, which he rubbed at intervals; his smile was gloomy and fixed, his eyelids winked, the left eye was almost totally closed; he was satisfied with

himself, and some unconnected phrases mingled with this pantomime, put me in full possession of the matter.

Had any one been giving him an opinion upon a subject on which he had desired it, if that opinion was in conformity with his interests, or if it accorded only with his passions, which was much better for those by whom the opinion was given, his countenance exhibited a kind of gay care, it lightened up, he repeated: "Nothing can "be more true—he is perfectly in the "right—he has the proper feeling—"no objection can be made."—Had he been listening to wise representations, although given with all the delicacy possible, but in opposition to his wishes, and combating his gigantic projects;—or had he learned that such re-

presentations had been confidentially made to any of his ministers, then it was that he was really in a state of epilepsy from anger; all was disorder about him, physically as well as morally. The shock of the different passions which tortured him at such moments was so terrible that if the thunder had fallen at his feet it would scarcely have roused him from his convulsions. This was the only fixed state in which he ever remained long; yet the machine being at length unable to sustain such shocks, he became more calm; then was it truly painful to observe him. A concentrated gloom, wild and funereal, reigned over his whole countenance; he was evidently in a state of great suffering. I am sure that if this man had been penetrable to

the precious gift of tears, they would then have flowed as a cordial to him ; but this sweet satisfaction was denied him by heaven. I cannot help believing, however people may be disposed to doubt the credibility of the thing, that this torrent once let loose it was impossible for him to controul it. I say this the rather, because he was perfectly well aware that these fits of passion had cost him the friendship and advice of many persons of great merit, of two among others who resembled him perfectly in the despotism of their ideas. He regretted the loss of their friendship sincerely, but he was born too much of a despot himself to think of making any apology for his faults. He said one day to his uncle, speaking of them: "I know that they are in a

" state of suffering when with me, and
" were they not retained by their em-
" ployments and by their ambition,
" they would go and live at the farther
" end of the world to avoid the sight
" of me."—In effect it was a very curious spectacle to see them together. It is impossible to conceive two persons more dry, more cold in their manner, more laconic in their words, more embarrassed in their whole deportment. I owe it in justice to them to add that two years ago, before the fall of the imperial throne, whether it was the effect of anger, or whether it arose from a point of honour, they had never deviated a single instant from the line of conduct they had marked out to themselves. Thus their indifference in all

political matters is still a problem to great numbers of persons.

When Buonaparte gave himself up to these fits of passion, the bravest of the brave were indeed afraid to approach him. The following story will support this fact. He had a very particular esteem for Prince Poniatowski, yet one day he was violently incensed against him for reasons which I am going to state. This Prince finding his flank wholly uncovered, took upon himself to make a retrograde movement. Platow, taking adyantage of this, got possession of some hundreds of carriages, and what was still more important of the chests of some regiments. The prince in his report of the affair thus expressed himself. " I did " not learn till evening that a large " body of cavalry was manœuvring

" on my right, and endeavouring to
" turn me. I knew that my left was
" exposed by the retreat of the fourth
" corps, one hour's delay might have
" endangered the safety of my division,
" perhaps of the whole army. I was
" not ignorant that the convoy which
" was in the suite of my division must
" be lost ; I nevertheless ordered it to
" march by the cross-roads, which
" flanked the high-road, wishing to
" make my infantry keep possession of
" the latter. But notwithstanding all
" these precautions the cavalry of the
" enemy got possession of the con-
" voy."

According to the Emperor's opinion, the Prince had here committed an unpardonable fault. The prince, he said, might have made the convoy file off in

the evening by the high-road, and have remained in his position till the morning. It is a fact, however, that if the prince had waited till morning, all had been over with his corps; for at break of day the head of the column met five squadrons which had already divided it. Buonaparte, who was informed of this circumstance, said no more, and the prince never heard any thing farther of the affair. Buonaparte had however at first fulminated most furiously against him, during which an officer came and remitted him some private dispatches sent by Marshal Davoust. This officer was so terrified at the state of fury in which he surprised the monarch, that he had no power to do more than give the packet into his hands, when he retired without

speaking a word ; yet the officer was one of the brave, of the very brave. A remarkable circumstance in this affair was, that the emperor kept the packet at least ten minutes in his hands without knowing who had remitted it to him ; he learnt that only from me.

It was towards the end of the year five that I saw Buonaparte for the first time. I must confess that I was by no means prepossessed with his exterior. I had formed to myself the most flattering portrait of the conqueror of Italy. My imagination, seduced by the lustre of his victories, had dressed him up in the most flattering colours ; I was surprised, I was even humiliated. to find him a man of a very ordinary cast. His deportment had nothing striking in it, his physiognomy had

neither the fire, or the dignity of a hero, his manners were devoid of ease, and had a strong tincture of his cold, dry, and laconic language. All together he neither inspired respect or confidence; — the principal feeling he inspired was a wish to retreat from his presence. His severe and disdainful look indicated the man who commands, but not him whom we admire.

First impressions have always a stronger influence upon a young man who does not reflect at all, or who reflects but little, than upon one who is older, and whose judgment is more matured. The unfavorable impression of Buonaparte which I had imbibed, made a sudden revolution in my wishes with regard to the profession I thought of embracing, and I desired the rela-

tion who was my patron not to speak to the General in my behalf. At this moment I was introduced to M. d'Harved the elder, who had been much acquainted with Buonaparte, both at Brienne, and at the *Ecole Militaire* at Paris. I communicated to him the impression which the first sight of this celebrated Corsican had made upon me, when he said frankly: "I see that "you, who are yet young, judge of "men by their outward appearance; in "that you resemble the multitude. "But mark me;—think differently of "Buonaparte, this man, be assured, "will create a new æra in the world. "I will say more:—if Europe were "not now full of his name, Asia would "for two years have resounded with "it."—I leave any one to judge of

my astonishment; I intreated M. d'Harved to explain what he meant by the last phrase he had used, when he related to me what follows: I only beg to observe that the conversation was written down the moment he quitted me.

"Buonaparte" said M. d'Harved, is born to command mankind; he knows it, he is but too much impressed with the conviction, his first successes have but powerfully augmented, and confirmed it. Perhaps he may not possess all the qualities requisite for realising his ambitious views, but he conceives that he has them, and that is sufficient. He knows not how to make himself loved, but he knows how to make himself obeyed, and held in high consideration. In the part

which he now plays; and in the parts which he probably will play, these two latter qualities will make his fortune. His air, coldly concentrated, and his unabated moroseness, have established him in the minds of the vulgar the reputation of a superior being. The decided emulation that he has not to appear like other men, and to give laws to them, was transmitted to him with his existence, it is incorporated in his nature. At Brienne, at the *Ecole Militaire*, and under the garb of a sub-lieutenaut of artillery, he thought the same, and never will he think otherwise, whatever may be his destiny. If he did not command men, he must give the law to his servant-maid; he believes himself superior to all other

men, and has very little value for them.

"If France was the theatre of his *début* it was that France first presented him with the opportunity of making himself known. An ardent thirst of domination made him a cosmopolite from his earliest years; his true country will ever be that in which he can acquire the greatest share of preponderance. To him the banks of the Seine, and the shores of the Bosphorus, are alike indifferent; nor can any thing better prove this hypothesis than the following anecdote.

"After the siege of Toulon, when we had reconquered it, Buonaparte who laboured under a strong suspicion of leaning towards terrorism, experienced chagrins which he felt so much the

more acutely since his superiors wanted to remove him from the service of the artillery to that of the infantry. He came to Paris to remonstrate against this; promises of support were given him, but nothing was done. He addressed himself in particular to the representative charged with the military department, it was, I believe, the citizen Aubry; the complaints of the young Corsican were still disregarded, and he could obtain no redress. Irritated with the refusals which he daily experienced, and yielding to the impetuosity of his character, he resolved upon quitting the country. It was then that he became acquainted with a young man of English extraction, by name Blinkamm, a person of a good mien, and who spoke French fluently. I met

them both at the Republican Coffee-house; Buonaparte, whom I knew very well, accosted me first. I was affected with his situation; he was extremely dejected, his chagrins and discontent were strongly painted in his countenance. He broke out into invectives against the government in terms so little restrained that I was obliged, both for his safety and my own to hint that he would draw the attention of every body upon us. He then took me under one arm, and Mr. Blinkamm under the other, and led us into the garden of the Palais-Royal, where he continued to give vent to his anger against many of the authorities and people in place; he finished by imparting to us his project of leaving the country. I asked him whither he

thought of going, and suggested England. "The English," "said he, are "mariners, and I am not so; they are "besides an established people, who "have no occasion for any body; a "foreigner will never make his fortune "among them. In Germany there are "too many competitors; Spain would "perhaps suit me, there is not a single "warrior in that country."—During this conversation the Englishman appeared very attentive but said not a word; as it was cold, however, he proposed our going into the *Café du Foy*. There Buonaparte launched out very much on the subject of Spain; many of the reasons he gave for preferring that country were specious, some were even solid; but the whole scheme was romantic, and in fact far beyond the means

of the projector. The young Englishman, who perceived this, said: "My "friend, Spain will not do for you. "Since you think that in France jus- "tice is not done you, let me mention "a country where your knowledge "may be made of great value. Quit "Europe, repair to Constantinople; "I will recommend you to a relation "of mine established in that country, "one whose commerce gives him fre- "quent access to many persons belong- "ing to the Seraglio. I will engage "that at my solicitation he will soon "bring you into notice, and perhaps "you may become a second Comte de "Bonneval. Answer me: If you "like the idea to-morrow I will "write, and by the way of England I

" can have an answer speedily." Buonaparte, always in extremes, could not restrain his joy at the proposal made by his friend; and though eloquence be not among his most brilliant natural qualities, what he said on this occasion will never be effaced from my memory; it fixed my opinion of him irrevocably; his whole soul was displayed in it, his character, his ambition to be celebrated. ' My dear Blinkamm,' he exclaimed with transport, ' You are in the right— ' yes you are in the right, Constanti- " nople, is the place,—Turkey is the ' place. But where then was my own ' head ?—Alas, I am so unhappy, that ' I can no longer think.'—Then taking his hand: ' 'Tis a true, an important ' service indeed that you render me, ' Blinkamm, I will go into Turkey.

'The Turks are the last people in the
'world in military affairs; for the little
'knowledge they have in them, they
'are indebted to a Frenchman, who
'was persecuted, who was unhappy
'like me. Well, a Franco-Corsican
'shall unbrutalize them, shall espouse
'them, (this was his expression).
'With the European tactics, I will
'teach them to pass over three centu-
'ries at once, and place them on a level
'with other nations; their mutinous
'spirit dismays me not. I will impale
'ten regiments, if necessary, to reduce
'one to obedience. Their ignorance
'will assist my designs; if they were
'more enlightened I should only have
'more obstacles to encounter. If I
'excite envy, if I see that offence is
'taken at me, I will not suffer the

' tempest to gain too much strength,
' for fear of not being able to allay it ;
' I will always keep in reserve the
' means of procuring myself to be ex-
' iled into some government of that
' vast empire ; and this exile shall be
' the first step towards a happiness of
' which I have always formed to my-
' self a seductive image.—Blinkamm,
' to thee I shall owe all.'—He ceased,
his countenance beamed with delight
and hope : ' I hasten,' he said, ' to so-
' licit permission to retire to Constan-
' tinople.'—In effect some days after
he did solicit it, but he was refused.
If you doubt the truth of what I assert,
ask those who were in place at that
time, they will confirm it. It is a fact
of which you may be assured that had
it not been for the thirteenth of Ven-

demiaire, or rather if he had not been refused the permission he desired, this young warrior whose deeds are now so celebrated all over France, would have probably been at this moment disciplining the Janissaries on the shores of the Bosphorus."

So earnestly was my attention rivetted to the narrative thus given me by M. d'Harved that I had scarcely power to breathe. But now that time and experience have torn aside the splendid veils by which many a quality then unknown was concealed, how much reason do we see to say with my friend, " Yes, the character of Buo-" naparte was fully displayed in what " he said to the young Blinkamm."— There broke forth indeed his soul, his heart, and above all his inhumanity,

there shone the despot, who for twenty years has given law to us. " I will " impale ten regiments, if necessary, to " reduce one to obedience."—What a sentiment!—Let the reader impress it well on his mind, he will immediately see in it the grand secret of all the military successes of this warrior, the fundamental principle of his tactics. 'Tis as if he had said: " Yes, I will suffer " ten regiments of Frenchmen to be " massacred, to make one triumph."—His words at that time fully justify what a writer advanced eighteen years after, that Buonaparte would fain carry us back to those times of ignorance and barbarism, when a king was nothing but a military chief. He vested his confidence in the ignorance of the sons of Mahomet;—he was in the right, for

he was not himself ignorant that the more a people are enlightened, the less firmly can any tyranny be established.

If however, to the misfortune of Europe, he have realised there, a part of the projects which he had formed on Asia, I have the consolation of reflecting that he has not realised the hopes presented by the latter part of his harangue. No, I do not think that he has chosen an exile in which he will find *the happiness of which he has always formed to himself so seductive an image.* It is true that this happiness has been enjoyed by him, but the man is weak, and the tyrant is no more; he has been despoiled of every thing with means in his hands, which would have sufficed for any other to commence their career. I shall make only one

reflection, an useless one I own, since it carries thought into the abyss of the future :—but be that as it may, I cannot refrain from it.—Had the little citizen of Ajaccio obtained permission to go into Asia, had he found there the same means of aggrandizement which have since been presented him in France, what would now have been the state of Europe?—what that of the world at large?—Destinies of nations! on what trifling circumstances do ye often depend.

After what the reader has just heard, he will easily imagine that I conceived a very different opinion of the General who commanded the army of Italy, I even fell into the opposite extreme. I was just at the age of enthusiasm, and if any one has reason to blush at ha-

ving considered this man with adulation, I was guilty for the space of two years. It was, that during that time, I viewed him only at a distance, I judged only by his victories, by the reports of his courtiers;—for courtiers, and very dangerous ones, he had in abundance. Circumstances on a sudden placed me about his person, the charm disappeared;—this was the work of only a fortnight. I shall simply observe upon it, that between great men, and the stars, the case is exactly reversed, the nearer the latter are approached the greater, the more brilliant, do they appear;—see great men very near, they dwindle into something very little.

It is seldom that an opportunity is afforded of feeling this more strongly

than that now afforded me; I own that I felt the discovery painfully humiliating. What concerned me the most was, that my friends had in their hands, many letters, wherein I had launched forth into the most lavish eulogiums of my hero. I consoled myself, however, and I might do so honourably, without yeilding too much to *amour-propre,* when I reflected that all Europe remained still in the same error, from which I was but just emerged. I did more, I felt a pride in being one of the first to know accurately the dimensions of this little Colossus;—let me be excused the expression, I know not any one that will give so just an idea of my feelings.

It was now that I traced out to myself a plan, the most inconceivable, the

most difficult, perhaps the most dangerous that could have entered into the ideas of man. This was to pursue a constant and unvaried study of the character of Buonaparte, physically, as well as morally; to observe him alike in public and in private, by day and by night, in a word at every moment when I could approach him, could hear him. I saw him daily, but not constantly; on occasions of very particular interest I quitted him, except when he was in his fits of passion—I was then his master. The sort of carelessness and semi-idiotism which I outwardly assumed when with him, placed me above the reach of suspicion, and delivered him up to me entirely. Never had any man about him one by whom he was scrutinized more minutely, with more penetration, more tenacity.

Admitted to the examination of all the springs which moved the despotic machine, I investigated them with the utmost accuracy, even amid all the disorders into which they were occasionally thrown. I found it very difficult, however, to give any thing like a connected form to my early abberrations; but nothing was easier, when a deep study of the mechanism of my hero had given me the clue to his observations, to his perpetual inconsistencies. Habit and memory served me so effectually, that I could readily assign to such a gesture, such an action done or to be done,—to such words, such an event past or in embryo,and with some trifling modifications, I was scarcely ever mistaken.

This system of observation had in the beginning no determinate aim; but

in the sequel, in proportion as the fame of his personage increased, my plan contracted a fixed and decided end. At first I was urged by curiosity alone, then it became a pleasure, and at length a passion; a passion to which I am much indebted, for I now reckon as nothing the cares, and sometimes the uneasiness which it occasioned me. How great a pleasure was it, in fact, for a thinking being to be able to say within himself: "If this proud "man before whom the enraptured "crowd bend the knee, whose name "is in every mouth, who makes and "unmakes kings, who humbles the "ministers of God, and throws his "Vicar into chains; if this man, one "word from whose mouth can give "death to the hopes of a whole peo-

"ple, who can seize upon its youug
"children, can consume its treasures,
"can enchain the consciences of some,
"petrify the courage of others, can
"exile merit and condemn probity to
"death;—if this man were in the place
"that properly belongs to his genius,
"to his personal qualities, to his wis-
"dom, to his virtues, to his moral
"character, to his humanity,—then
"should I,—I who now serve him,
"see him despised, unknown, con-
"founded, lost among the crowd who
"now fear, now admire him."

These reflections which passed frequently in my mind, while I was in this situation, constituted its charm, its delight. To these researches am I indebted for the science of knowiug the human heart. From the soul of

the master it was easy to descend into the souls of the courtiers and the servants. —What have I not seen? —What a disgusting assemblage of meanness, of imposture, of self-interest, of servile adulation, of corruption, of incapacity!—It seemed a contest who should degrade themselves most before the idol. Every thing in Buonaparte was false, but a part of his court was still more so;—if he ruled France with a rod of iron, it was forged by his flatterers. From the days of Pharamond to his days, never was a monarch flattered so incessantly, so servilely; the sword and the bar, eloquence and poetry, all by turns offered incense to him. Several documents to be produced in the course of these memoirs will support the truth of what

I advance, some more, some less. France has indeed, permitted shameful sanctions to be given to the most criminal projects; but the approvers have been the ruin of the approved, it is to them that Buonaparte owes his fall. Unfortunate man! he could not see the thunder amid the clouds of incense by which it was obscured; he could not but perish. Dreadful example, but one by which the great never can be corrected.

It was after his return from Egypt that Buonaparte began to fix my whole attention. Scarcely were we arrived at Paris, when I saw that he meditated some great project; every thing in his features expressed disquietude and ambition. On the second of Brumaire he gave a splendid dinner at Malmai-

son,at which were present persons of every class and description, General Murat, and Lucien Buonaparte, being among the number. After dinner the whole company retired into the drawing-room, where a very warm discussion took place. In about half an hour Buonaparte and Roger Ducos left the room; the latter with a much more free and animated air than the General; they went into the garden, where they remained together for about twenty minutes. On a sudden Madame Buonaparte's carriage came into the court; Gen. Murat went out to receive her. She had not time to give him her hand, but jumped hastily from the carriage. — "Where is the Ge-
" neral?" she said. "I do not know;
" he went out just now with Roger;

"but M. Lucien is here."—"Seek the "General instantly; I must speak to "him without delay." — I told her he was in the garden; she ran thither hastily. I went and placed myself at a window whence I could easily descend into the garden. I was not deceived in my expectations; Buonaparte no sooner perceived Madame, than he quitted Roger Ducos and came to meet her. They went together into a neighbouring walk; I saw them distinctly. Josephine spoke with eagerness; the General kept walking on; she stopped him several times. At length they turned towards the house. I quitted my post, and met them upon the steps.

Madame Buonaparte held the left hand of her husband; her counte-

nance was extremely animated, there was in it I know not what, at once dignified and mild; it was a pleasing mixture of heroism and tenderness. Buonaparte was pale, and looked thoughtful, but his eyes were turned with complacency towards his wife: she would not accompany him into the drawing room, but retired to her own apartment. Buonaparte called Roger Ducos, and both rejoined the company. A general movement was then made; the guests all re-ascended their carriages, and returned towards the capital, Lucien, Murat, and Buonaparte alone remained; Madame Buonaparte soon joined them, they were then in the anti-chamber. Perceiving Murat,—"How, General," said she "still here?—You do not attend to

" it, Sir," she proceeded, turning towards her husband; " the General " ought to be at Paris.—To horse!— " away instantly to the street of Va- " rennes, or I go myself." Murat smiled, but in four minutes he was in full gallop on his way to Paris! while the three who remained returned into the drawing room.

I was extremely desirous of knowing what was in the wind, and since nothing detained me at the chateau, I was on the point of mounting my horse and going to Paris, when I perceived a party of infantry making directly towards the house. I thought it expedient to inform the General of it; he was seated between his wife and his brother. " How," said he, " troops?" It is nothing," said Ma-

dame Buonaparte, smiling, " your " company are gone, mine are but " now arriving; it is a rendezvous " which I have given, but be com- " forted, you are not one too many." All the three then went into the court where the troops ranged themselves in martial order, but without beat of drum.—" This is admirable," said Madame Buonaparte to the captain, " you are here, Sir, almost as soon as " me." "Madam," said the officer, " we have been ready to set out these " four hours." The officers accompanied the General to the drawing-room, and some refreshment was given to the soldiers.—They were a company of grenadiers.

About nine o'clock in the evening, a courier arrived with dispatches

for Buonaparte, when immediately he, with his wife and brother, set off for Paris, giving orders to the grenadiers to repair thither also, observing the strictest silence. The next day, no business was so urgent to me as to search out the cause of what I had witnessed the evening before. On the first day I could collect but feeble glimmerings upon the subject; it was not till the sixth of Brumaire that the whole mystery was unravelled to me.

In the year IV, at the passage of the Mincio, Buonaparte was guilty of some injustice towards a young man who had been a fellow-student with him, and who then served under his orders. This offence the other never could pardon. I cannot say how it had come to his knowledge, that Buonaparte,

with some others, were determined, at all hazards, to change the form of government! He, however, went to the director Gohier, and imparted to him his discoveries and suspicions. Gohier, perceiving that the matter wore a very serious aspect, sent to Moulins, desiring to speak with him immediately. Moulins was not at home, nor did he and Gohier meet till the next day. The latter then told him of the information he had received, when Moulins, in the utmost astonishment, desired to see the informer. He soon arrived, but was destitute of any documents to bring in support of his charge. Gohier hesitated, but Moulins carried his point, and it was decided that the General should be arrested in his way from Paris to Malmaison, where they

knew he was to have a party to dinner that day. Unfortunately this resolution was not taken in the presence of him who had discovered the plot; he was left alone, locked up in another room.

Gohier urged their communicating the intelligence to the other directors, that they might act in concert, but this Moulins opposed. "One of our "colleagues," said he, "is absent, and "of the other two, one is the intimate "friend of Buonaparte, the other, "Barras, is his patron; but for him "this Corsican had never been known. "We have no occasion for the assist-"ance of any one, away with forms, "we are alone privy to the affair, let "us alone act. Nothing is easier than "to arrest the General; I know two

" men in the police who, if supported
" by a dozen of soldiers, will readily
" undertake the business; there is no
" cause for fear. The moment the
" General is made prisoner he will ex-
" perience the fate of all unsuccessful
" conspirators, his party will be anni-
" hilated."

The two directors went out together, and secured the persons to whom the execution of their project was to be intrusted. Thus far all was well, but when they returned to Gohier's house, the prisoner was no longer to be found in the room where he had been shut up. He, little satisfied with the conduct of the directors, conceived himself lost, and taking advantage of their absence, escaped by the window. When the directors found that he was

gone: "We are undone," exclaimed Moulins, "this fellow is a rascal sold "to our enemies, the conspiracy is a "mere invention, a snare laid for us; "they wanted to set the General and "consequently the army upon us. Let "us haste and revoke our orders, if it "be not too late." In effect the orders were revoked; but one of the men who was to be employed in the arrest had previously answered a friend, who proposed their going together to the theatre, "I cannot, I am going this "evening upon an expedition of great "importance; it concerns, I believe, "the arrest of some great personage."

This proposition was repeated in a house where Madame Buonaparte happened to be, who, without any other clue, immediately conjectured that her

husband might be the person alluded to. As a prudent wife her attention was instantly directed to saving him, if he was, indeed, the person intended. The guard of the legislative body she knew sided with him, and she secured some of the principal officers, without however saying in what she had occasion for them. She saw Colonel Perrin, I know not what she said to him, but he promised to send a company of grenadiers to Malmaison, if she would insure his having subsequently an order to that effect from General Murat. This she promised, and the promise was faithfully performed; hence arose the visit of the company of grenadiers already mentioned as coming, on the second of Brumaire, to Malmaison. This excellent wife had besides col-

lected a number of her husband's friends at the house of a member of the Council of Ancients, in the street of Varennes. It was thither that General Murat hastened, to be in readiness to give any new orders.

While these precautions, to avert the apprehended danger of her husband, were taken by Madame Buonaparte, Moulins and Gohier did not remain inactive; they had the address to order a rich Hamburgher, who was at Paris on commercial business, to be arrested, under the pretence that he was suspected of carrying on a correspondence with the enemies of France. This affair was so well conducted, that the same evening Madame Buonaparte acknowledged that she had been alarmed without reason. The most curious

part of the transaction is, that both parties sincerely believed they had been deceived in their conjectures. It was not, indeed, till a long time after that I was fully convinced of so curious a fact, as that an intention of arresting Buonaparte had existed in the minds of two of the directors, only a fortnight before his *triumph*; for this epithet may justly be given to the ever-memorable eighteenth of Brumaire.

Many writers have treated of this day, celebrated for ever by the results which it produced to France. Some writing according to the dictates of Buonaparte, have consequently given nothing but falsehoods, instead of the truths which we had a right to expect. Others, deeply impressed with a just resentment, have relied too much on

rumour, and given way to exaggerations in details founded on error. This is the greatest reproach that can be fixed upon the latter description of writers. I shall not undertake to refute either, for the sake of presenting a new history of the eighteenth of Brumaire; I shall confine myself to giving the notes which I minuted down in my tablets as the occurrences took place.

The directory daily saw the supreme power ready to escape from their hands; two of the members in particular observed, with pain, the jacobins getting the ascendency over the royalists. Barras feared the first, his colleagues feared both parties: on one point they were agreed—that they must seek the support of some general who already enjoyed a high reputation.

Both desired a new order of things, but both also desired to govern. Two warriors alone could serve their purpose, but one was soon after killed in Italy; Moreau alone remained. Proposals were made to him to co-operate with the two directors in changing the face of the government. Moreau, a consumate warrior, respected by his enemies, cherished by his troops, had a sort of repugnance against mingling in political commotions to which his modesty led him to believe himself unequal. To these offers of the directors he gave only vague and indeterminate answers, and the negociation rested in this uncertainty when intelligence arrived that the General of the army of Egypt had landed in France!

If the intention of the directors was

to change the form of government in France, this was not less the project of Buonaparte. For a long time, notwithstanding that he was at such a distance, and that the means of communication were not easy, he had been in correspondence with the discontented party in France. To this class of men was joined that still more dangerous, of people who only find their happiness in troubles and innovations.

The General, perfectly instructed in the state of things, knew how to render subservient to his purposes the discontents of the one party, and the dangerous principles of the other. He flattered all parties, equally taking care that none should suspect this triple duplicity. At that time, I gave him credit for possessing all the qualities

of a thoroughly adroit politician, but, what I believed genius, was in fact nothing but well-combined craft. Persons of every party were cordially received by him, but on different days, or at different hours; the best concerted precautions were taken that, during the constant assemblages of company which he received on his first arrival at Paris, no two of opposite parties should meet at his house.

If, however, he caressed all parties, there was one towards which more circumspection was evidently practised, than towards any of the others; these were the Jacobins. It was not that he in any way coincided with their principles; on the contrary, this was the party which of all others he hated the most cordially. I know that in France

he has had the reputation of being a furious Jacobin; this I can safely affirm he never was, in the general acceptation given to this term; he was so only in his ambitious projects. If he ever practised any management in his conduct towards professed Jacobins, it was that, in truth, he feared them—a fear which followed him even to the throne. Of this I had a proof not more than three years ago, in an observation made by him, which, though trivial, was sufficiently expressive.

He had just given an employment of very great importance to a man who had often figured at the tribune of the Jacobins. The arch-treasurer made some very wise and just remarks upon the appointment. — "I know "well all that you would say," re-

plied Buonaparte, " but the reasons " you urge for his exclusion, are pre- " cisely those which have determined " me to give him the place. He is a " savage beast I know, but this dignity " shall be his gag." The arch treasurer replied, that the time was past when such kind of men were to be feared. " They are always to be " feared, Sir—these cameleons are al- " ways to be feared. For the rest, the " thing is done, let no more be said " about it: I repeat it, when the wolf " has his throat full, he can no longer " bite."

According to this mode of thinking, the Jacobins were those towards whom he practised the greatest share of circumspection. Next followed the republicans—those who were so in the

purest sense of the word; these he at once hated and despised. Lastly, came the royalists, who, like the others, easily fell into the snares laid for them. I could perceive that with them he put a more particular restraint upon his character: he was milder, more gentle and complacent, consequently more ambiguous; by false promises and fallacious hopes were they seduced. It should appear nevertheless, that some among them saw through him, or at least suspected him strongly. Here follows word for word the extract of a letter which he wrote to a royalist.

"You are importunate, too impor-
" tunate: you will mar every thing.
" No, Sir, let events take their course,
" and let us run after them with the
" utmost eagerness. I wait the anni-

" hilation of an odious power, and the
" death of all the lesser powers; then,
" the little preponderance that I shall
" have, if I have any, will prove to
" you that your answer of yesterday
" evening was not applicable to me.
" But I readily forget this little scene,
" do you on your side never forget,
" that with time I shall be abun-
" dantly what you wish." He never signed or directed such letters, and they were always sent by some confidential person.

It is impossible not to see that this letter is a model of ambiguity, of craft, and of perfidy. Yet there was at that time many a man of merit, and clear-sighted too, who was caught in a like snare.

Be all this as it may, the two di-

rectors, at the first news of his return, determined to confide their projects to him, intending, when all was accomplished, to proportion the honours and rewards bestowed upon him to the services rendered. Having no conception of the excess of his ambition, they conceived him satisfied with the prospect before him, and devoted to them entirely. Barras, in particular, bearing in mind undoubtedly the obligations which he had conferred on the general, had not, in the disclosure of his projects, mingled all the confidential warmth which the ambition of his former protégé required. This was the primary cause of his exile—the causes to which it was generally ascribed were but accessaries. How just soever may have been the reputation Moreau had

obtained, however great may have been his qualities, he will always be accountable to France for not having opposed his genius, his weight, and more especially the decided love of his troops, by whom at that time he was adored, to the ambitious projects of his rival.

Buonaparte was well aware what powerful obstacles Morean might throw in his way; he was but too intimately convinced of them. This is not all: it has not hitherto been known to the public, what pains were taken by Madame Buonaparte, and by the general's brother, Lucien, to unite these two distinguished characters. Buonaparte was uneasy about the result of their schemes, and the great ground of his uneasiness was founded in his love of life; a sentiment which never has

abandoned, and never will abandon him. Irrefutable proofs may be brought to establish this truth: vainly will contrary facts be adducd against me, they were circumstances always varnished over. Wherever Buonaparte appeared to expose himself, it was from ostentation, and in places where there was no real danger. I saw, in short, with my own eyes how much, as the important day approached, his alarms increased, though he disguised them to the best of his ability. Sometimes he gained courage from talking with those of the conspirators, who were impressed with the greatest confidence of success. His eye was then more animated, his countenance appeared more resolute, his voice was more firm; he was, in short, another

man. But such moments were transitory; when he was alone, his pusillanimity revived, he became gloomy, thoughtful, irresolute, and spoke little. These observations, which few people, myself excepted, had the opportunity of making at that time, contributed essentially towards assisting my daily progress in gaining a thorough knowledge of this mighty individual—I say *mighty*, because such he was in the eyes of the multitude.

I was not the only person sensible of his fears, and who perceived the little energy he shewed at the eve of so decisive a moment. His prudent wife was well convinced of them. In the afternoon of the 9th of Brumaire, after a very eager conversation—"Well," said she to him, "if prudence suggests

" doubts to you respecting the success
" of this great undertaking, make some
" sacrifices ; throw aside all lesser con-
" siderations, unite yourself with Mo-
" reau—Moreau and you united, all
" uneasiness is at an end." At this moment Lucien arrived — Madame Buonaparte informed him of what had passed. Her brother-in-law pleaded eloquently the cause of the modest conqueror, making use, among others, of the following expression ; " You
" and Moreau ! that would be strength
" and victory united." But all that he could say produced no effect, Buonaparte was inexorable.

At least two hours after this conversation, he was still murmuring—" Very
" well, brother—Moreau and me—
" that would be victory and strength

" united. Go, consult Pichegru, see
" what he says—Moreau——" I could
not distinguish any thing more. Then
awhile after: " Mr. Lucien, you are
" sometimes troublesome, let me tell
" you." I was afraid of forgetting M.
Lucien's expression, and I wrote it
down with a pencil in the inside of my
hat.

Few people know that for a long
time Buonaparte always consulted his
wife in all civil matters, even in those
of the highest importance. This is,
however, very true, but he would have
been outrageously angry if he had ever
supposed that it was known to his
courtiers. If I had been able to divide
myself, how gladly would I have fol-
lowed this excellent woman! What
a difference between her and her hus-

band; they were two extremes united. I would here give some anecdote of her, if I did not know that M. B—— D——, who is much better informed upon the subject than myself, is preparing an account of her life. I know not how the first years of Madame de Beauharnais were passed, but if they resembled the last fifteen, we shall have the history of a most accomplished woman. Scarcely did she know me, therefore I have no interest in what I say; no other sentiment but the love of truth inspires my pen; it is a merited eulogium which my heart delights to trace.

Thus amid the varied sensations experienced by Buonaparte from a want of energy, the great day advanced which was to put an end to a power

detested by almost the whole French nation. It was in the night between the thirteenth and fourtenth of Brumaire, that the execution of the plan was fixed for the seventeenth, which answers to the eighth of November. On the sixteenth, in the morning, nothing was changed either in the plan or in the means agreed upon for executing it, when a hint was given to Buonaparte that the commandant of the seventeenth division was not absolutely determined to serve him; that he had even expressed a wish to resign the command of his corps. This intelligence was like a thunder-stroke to him who received it. He sent to desire to see his wife—she came. The moment she saw him she exclaimed, "For Heaven's sake what is the mat-

" ter ?" In truth he was in a most lamentable situation, anger and fear were painted in mingled hues on his countenance. He put the letter, containing the fatal news, into the hands of his wife; they remained closeted together for the space of a quarter of an hour, at the expiration of which Madame Buonaparte came out; her countenance beaming with delight; she bade me go instantly to her husband. The coachman was ordered to get the carriage ready, and in six minutes Madame Buonaparte set off. I know not what had passed between her and her husband, but when I went to him he was perfectly calm. " You " were at the theatre yesterday?" he said. " Yes, my general." " What " was the play?" " Manlius." " The

" assassin! How was it performed?" " Most execrably." " Is there any " news stirring at Paris?" " People's " minds are very much disturbed, " every body sighs for tranquillity." " I believe it—they must be worn " out." Perhaps he might have said more, but the arrival of Murat, Lucien and a general officer, whom I did not know, put an end to the conversation. The whole day there were people backwards and forwards at the house, and notwithstanding all the precautions taken to prevent any thing transpiring, it was easy to see that perfect unison did not reign among them.

Madame Buonaparte was absent till near eleven o'clock: at her return she went up to her own apartment, and sent for me. " Go," she said, " and con-

" trive to speak to my husband, with-
" out being perceived by the rest of the
" company; desire him to pass by the
" bye-way, and come to me, I wish to
" see him." I had some difficulty to execute my commission, but at length I succeeded. Buonaparte contrived to quit the room without its being observed, and after an absence of about ten minutes, rejoined the company. New debates were begun, but they were soon calmed. It was two o'clock in the morning before all the parties retired. Buonaparte appeared extremely satisfied with himself, but he did not go to bed, he only threw himself into a great chair.

From the 14th of Brumaire, I had been exceedingly perplexed in mind. I knew that the execution of the plot

was fixed for the seventeenth, and I could not understand the events of the day and night; I formed a thousand conjectures, but none appeared conclusive. What man, under such circumstances, would not, like me, have experienced the utmost torments of curiosity and uncertainty?—I allude to the night between the sixteenth and seventeenth. The day which now approached was to dawn upon the overthrow of a great empire, upon a total change in its government, its masters and its laws; was to cast down some fortunes and build up others; was to exile weakness; was to crown ambition, and to fix the attention of all Europe. But a few moments, and this great but dangerous enterprize was to be commenced. Yet I was in the house

where was the chief, the soul of this vast machine, there all was calm, he himself even slept. Where then are the preparations?—where the conspirators? The horse which should carry the General rests quietly in his litter, the groom snores in his bed; I alone, more mad, a greater fool than either the horse or groom, can neither find repose nor the key to the enigma by which that repose is banished.

Yet no long time was to elapse before I was to be satisfied. I learnt, on the morrow, that Buonaparte, contrary to the advice of all the conspirators, had deferred the execution till the eighteenth. The only reason he gave was, that the intelligence which he received in the morning had raised strong suspicions in his mind,

and he wanted the day of the seventeenth for satisfying them; that he wished to come to a right understanding with some of the superior officers, especially with General Lefebvre. He added, smiling: "Besides, the seven-
"teenth falls on a Friday, and that is
"a day of ill omen; it is the day on
"which the God of the Christians
"died."—This was said to M. de La Chabeaussiere;—here we find the great man dwindled into an old woman!

The day was, indeed, employed in assuring himself of all who were to co-operate with him in the *expedition*, for this was the term which he applied to the important business. He returned home at night, where he was joined by a number of persons of the highest note. The eighteenth at length

arrived. The Council of Ancients had been summoned in the night to assemble in the place where their sittings were held; in the night, the plan of a resolution had been remitted to them, transferring the Legislative Body to Saint-Cloud. This plan was readily adopted, it had been agreed upon in the evening. A copy of the decree was immediately dispatched to Buonaparte, with the order for carrying it into execution. This favourable beginning gave him infinite pleasure; it was instantly communicated to his wife; in a quarter of an hour, we were all on horseback. Buonaparte, surrounded by his staff, went directly to the Thuileries. The garden was filled with troops, he harangued them, and said he only accepted the command to pre-

serve France from the horrors of anarchy and civil war. A part of them had orders to file off immediately for Saint-Cloud; we went thither at a gallop! The two councils were assembled; every one knows what passed at the council of five hundred, I shall only observe that, when Buonaparte attempted to speak, the cries, the menaces, the exclamations of *Down with the Dictator*, made so strong an impression upon him, that he was wholly confused, and unable to pursue the thread of his harangue. He then turned to us, ordering us to assure ourselves that General Murat was at the head of the troops; but, after a moment's reflection, he resolved to satisfy himself of it. He went out, he mounted his horse, and rode imme-

diately to the bridge; he appeared in extreme emotion. Having met Murat, he was more calm, and we returned to the Chateau. A short time after, he received the news of his being named to the Consulate, in concert with Roger Ducos and Siéyes. "Gentlemen," "said he to them the next day, "France "has taken one great step towards at-"taining happiness and peace, we will "do every thing in our power to pro-"cure them both. Our task is great, "I know it well, but the ardour we "shall all exert, aided by the lessons "of experience we have had, will, I "have no doubt, at length attain this "important end." A grand dinner was given by him, he was complimented on his new honours by a croud of persons of every age and rank.

Then it was that a total change took place in his exterior. In the judgments I had formed of his person, I always thought him incapable of disguising himself entirely in public. All the time that I knew him, only as a general, his haughtiness, his disdain, his contempt for others, pierced through even his most trifling actions. No sooner did he become Consul, than the expression of his countenance was enlivened, his voice was less harsh, his eye became mild, and his manner much less repulsive. Did he confer any favour? did he promote any one to an office?—it was done with courtesy, often adding even some obliging expressions. The beauties of language were little familiar to him; he was a stranger to those brilliant obscurities,

those neat inversions so necessary to statesmen, who should take care that their modes of speech do not always express what they ought to say, but what they wish others to understand. To remedy this dearth of oratorical powers, he formed to himself a dictionary of chosen words and phrases, which he arranged and moulded according to time, place, person, and circumstances. His speeches of form were always prepared before-hand; he knew what would be said to him, and he was prepared with his answer. Thence came that barrenness of ideas, that pompous gallimaufry, to which his miserable courtiers gave the appellation of sublime. Many times have I seen him study the style of M. M———, under pretence

of running once again over dispatches which he had read but the moment before. These things would be trifles if they concerned a person less celebrated, but the facts are precious, are even useful, when one reflects that such a man contrived to have his brows surrounded with a royal diadem,—that he overcame all the States on the Continent. Among the people of Asia who are yet immersed in the profoundest ignorance, there would be nothing astonishing in such events; but they are extraordinary in the most civilized nation of the universe, in a nation whose princes have always been cited as models of learning and urbanity.

A good writer has recently made use of an expression which I must combat, not only because it bears an impression

of calumny, but because it is false, very false. "Immensity of power," he says, "and still more his numerous courtiers corrupted Buonaparte; — to them he owed his ambition, his crimes, and in great measure his despotism. But for the base servility of his flatterers, and the approbation of a whole people deceived by the eulogiums of a perfidious and venal court, he would have been a good prince; if indeed, an usurper ever can be so."

Such an opinion only proves to me that the author did not know the despot; that he is perfectly a stranger as well to his physical as to his moral qualities. In vain does he draw a consoing picture of the early days of his consular authority; in vain does he

recal the hopes which France had conceived of him ; he forgets, and this it is which destroys his assertion,—he forgets, I say, the time and the circumstances in which these sweet hopes of a happier futurity were conceived. Harassed by a government of many, fatigued with twelve years of storms, France thought she saw the port,—thought she saw it even there where she has been most in danger of suffering shipwreck. Buonaparte was born a despot ; — the passion of domineering over men and crushing them is innate in him, is mingled in his nature, and can never be eradicated. Men and circumstances have fed this passion, that I acknowledge, but even without such stimulants he would never have been a good prince ; place, and cir-

cumstances never could have done any thing but modify his rage for soaring aloft. Master of a school, or upon a throne, chief of a squadron, or a corporal on guard, at Paris or at Kamschatka, every where he would have been a tyrant. Many of his courtiers, it is true, have not ill assisted in the eruptions of this volcano, but they were not the furnace by which it was fed.

The unbounded ambition of such a man could not be satisfied, as he has sufficiently proved, with a divided power; but this divided power was one step towards the throne, and that was a great object attained. His hypocrisy, his feigned moderation, served at first as masks to disguise the part which he intended to play. His primary aim was to silence all parties,

to extinguish all animosities, to allay the fermentation of men's minds. These projects were crowned with success; and that this was a blessing cannot be denied. But as a whisp of straw may become a murderous weapon in the hands of the wicked, he rendered this public reconciliation, this annihilation of parties,subservient to his own guilty and ambitious views. Frenchmen, more calm, having their minds less excited, no longer watched the motions of the ambitious chief with those scrutinizing eyes which they had been accustomed to employ towards the tyrants who had sought to bind them in chains. This charlatanism did not however deceive every body; many persons detected under the mantle in which he wrapped himself, a heart

burning to throw aside the consular scarf, for the ermine of the monarch. He perceived that his designs were suspected, and his suspicions were confirmed by his wife. Scarcely had he been provisionary Consul six weeks, when on a sudden he appeared devoured by chagrin, impatient, wrapped up in himself. If he restrained himself in public, he made ample amends in private; it was then difficult to serve him, scarcely possible to accost him,—he would see nobody not even his wife. The third day of this morose seclusion she wrote to him as follows:

"SIR,

"When any one labours under great "uneasiness of mind, it is not in soli-"tude that he must expect consolation. "The sweetest, the most certain means

" of alleviating our sorrows, is to con-
" fide them to the bosom of a true
" friend. I trust that I am your sin-
" cere friend, and as such I have sure-
" ly a claim on your confidence. You
" deny yourself the sweet consolation
" of imparting your chagrins, and you
" deprive me of the pleasure of assist-
" ing you to bear the weight of them,
" —perhaps of finding a remedy for
" them. My sex may possibly on this
" occasion be an obstacle to your lay-
" ing open your heart, but your wife
" thinks she has a right to be con-
" sidered as an exception,—your se-
" crets once confided to her bosom
" would there find their tomb. But I
" must do more, Sir, I must antici-
" pate what you might impart, even
" though you condemn my boldness.

"Consul, I know your noble ambi-
"tion, know how deep are your de-
"signs. You are not made for divi-
"ded power, your precarious dignity
"is a burden to you. These two
"truths are impressed on your coun-
"tenance, to any one who knows you.
"My friend, begin by being master of
"yourself, that you may be the master
"of events. You are suspected by
"many parties, they would seek to
"penetrate into your heart, and they
"may do you injury. I say no more.
"Terrified at the importance of what
"I have said, I intreat you to believe
"me her who takes the deepest inte-
"rest in your glory, as well as in your
"happiness."

When we meet with a truly worthy man we stop, we contemplate him with

pleasure ;—'tis a moment of happiness. When we find a woman affectionate, mild, generous, and full of sensibility, 'tis an enchanting image, we cannot turn aside from the contemplation of it?—'tis a moment of felicity.—Ah Josephine! in taking a copy of thy letter I experienced this delicious sentiment, the portion of pure and feeling souls. A tear moistened the original;—why was I not sweetly affected?—Buonaparte was so, and that heart of steel became in a moment malleable.

Scarcely had he ran over thy letter, when his eyes were cast upon the ground, he walked several times about the room, and then came and seated himself again at his desk. I devoured his gestures, his movements, every thing, even to his sighs. His emotion

was evident, but there was nothing in it gloomy or giving occasion for inquietude. "Say to Madame," said he mildly, "that I will pass the evening "with her, we two only."—I would on no consideration have trusted this commission to another, I was too deeply interested not to be anxious to perform it myself. I hastened with the utmost speed to the apartment of the first consul's lady. "Let the dear friend "come," she said, "how is he?—You "know him perfectly well."—"Much "better, Madam, than he was an "hour ago, he spoke to me very "mildly."—"So much the better!— "this is the only good news I have "received within the last three days."

Two hours elapsed before the Consul joined his wife; it was past midnight

when he returned to his own apartment. I know not what passed at their interview, I shall not attempt even to guess at it, but the next day he was no longer like himself.

Although from the eighteenth of Brumaire he had exerted his utmost endeavours to reconcile and unite all who where in dissension with each other, to dissipate faction, and to annihilate all party, he had as yet succeeded but in part; some republicans, and a greater number of jacobins occasioned him the utmost uneasiness. As to the royalists, deceived in their hopes, insulated, destitute of all support, they had dispersed, waiting a moment more favourable to their cause.

In such a state of things Buonaparte saw plainly that in order to obtain ab-

solute authority, it was of importance to him to obtain permanently that with which at present he was only provisionally invested. His friends were put in action, minds were sounded, some of the jacobins were bought over, and France, dazzled with his assumed moderation, and supposed great qualities, named him first consul. This was, according to his plan to have reached the half way towards ascending the throne; it was all that he desired at the moment. The republic existed now but in name; the majority of the republicans finding it best to be content with the places they enjoyed, no longer thought of murmuring; the jacobins, who were the most to be feared, preserved silence under the weight of their dignities; some, even, abjuring their

character, served him with all their influence, and became the firmest supporters of his ambition. Fully convinced that in order to seat himself upon a throne, the last occupier of which had perished on a scaffold, the multitude must be dazzled, and that nothing contributes more powerfully to seduce the minds of the people than the lustre of military exploits, he prepared to put himself at the head of the army of Italy. A company of spies was formed, they pervaded every part of the administration, as well civil as military; they obtained a footing about all the great personages of the state, they penetrated into their families, into their private societies. This band which he jokingly called his *telegraphic company*, was independent of

the general police, whose agents, charged with watching strictly over the people, were themselves no less rigidly watched. The number of these dangerous stipendiaries amounted in the month of March 1803, to three thousand six hundred and ninety two, including the ambulating detachment. This party comprised about a hundred of the best instructed, the least scrupulous, and, above all, the most daring of the troop. To these qualities, it was necessary that a handsome exterior, a studied and correct style, a discernment with regard to the deportment and language proper for every different occasion, well adapted to times and circumstances, should be united. These spies of the first class were charged with attaching themselves to

the great secret agents in employ at the foreign courts, with watching over them, with giving an account of the connections they formed, and of their habitual occupations. The spying the family of the Bourbons, and managing the great arrests in foreign countries, was another part of their office. It was from one of these wretches that the letter emanated which occasioned the arrest and execution of the Duke d'Enghien.

The reader will not be sorry to have some particulars respecting the death of this spy, loaded with crimes: he died about two years ago, in the flower of his age. The last year of his life was that of a saint; his recollections rendered life horrible to him, his riches could not allay the severity of his re-

pentance. I know not the causes of his conversion, but it was so sincere, that the priest who attended and administered to him the last offices, wrote thus to Mons. de Belloi, who had interested himself much in the salvation of this great sinner.

"Monsim died this morning at seven
" o'clock. For a year that I have been
" attending upon him, I never saw
" remorse more sincere, repentance
" more ardent and more affecting.
" The enormity of his crimes seemed
" to render incredible to him the pos-
" sibility of his being pardoned, and I
" could with difficulty persuade him
" that the mercy of his heavenly Re-
" deemer was still greater than his
" offences. Before his last sigh was
" breathed, he was desirous of seeing

" his family. His wife, his young
" daughter, and his son, came to his
" bedside: his son fell on his knees—
" 'I leave you a terrible example,' he
" said, 'my dear son.' He could say
" no more—his lips were fastened to a
" crucifix—he expired. His family
" were dissolved in tears, I could not
" restrain mine. It is one more sin-
" ner saved." Heaven grant that his example had found more imitators! But such conversions were not common at this time; they would not have served the purposes of the despot.

This machiavelic organisation was no sooner arranged, than Buonaparte hastened to take the command of the army of Italy. Always adroit in throwing a lustre over himself at the expense of the other generals, to surrounding

himself with every thing that could aggrandize his reputation and multiply his triumphs, he had formed his army of all the elect among the best and bravest heroes of France.

It is not my purpose to enter, in this place, upon any military details, and if I mention the ever-celebrated day of Marengo, it is not because it decided the fate of Italy, but because it was here that Buonaparte first practised a new mode of fighting, which he has since constantly followed, to which he gave, from that time, all possible encouragement; it was there that he conceived the idea of those horrible and murderous tactics, which rendered battles massacres, in which the art of the warrior was no longer any thing; tactics which occasioned rivers of blood

to flow, and which were the primary and principal source of all his successes.

The First Consul felt deeply of what importance this victory would be; the fate of Italy, and, perhaps, that of all his projects depended upon it. The evening of the twenty-fourth of Prairial, I saw the moment in which he manœuvred for the purpose of avoiding a battle; it was the first, and I think the only moment in which I ever saw him hesitate on giving battle. Nevertheless some reports which he heard in the evening, decided him. In the night his dispositions were made; at break of day the enemy, three lines in thickness, presented an immense front to us; he was surprised at it. Couriers were immediately dispatched to the divisions of Lemonier and Desaix,

with orders to come on by forced marches. The conflict immediately began on both sides; from six in the morning both fought with equal determination and equal advantage, when the enemy contracted his front upon his centre. Buonaparte then committed a fault which had nearly lost every thing. Instead of manœuvring in mass upon the centre of the enemy, he weakened his own centre to strengthen his wings, with the intention of surrounding the Austrian army. The Austrian general perceiving this movement, advanced rapidly with his centre in mass, upon the weakened centre of the French; these latter, few in number, could not stand against the triple fire of the column and dispersed. The enemy lost no time, and dividing the

victorious column in two, made them march directly upon our wings, who seeing the centre in flight, followed the example. Berthier, covered with dust and sweat, came to announce this to the Consul. It was in vain that he ordered all the superior officers to stop the fugitives, the bravest were led on by the multitude ; all seemed over, the French armies were on the verge of being brought to dreadful shame, when on a sudden a cloud of dust, accompanied with repeated and confused cries, announced the divisions of Lemonier and Desaix. As nothing could be distinguished clearly amid the dust and noise, the Consul, who, it must be acknowledged, preserved throughout the utmost coolness and presence of mind, told me to go and see what was the

matter. I had not gone far before I learned, and returned immediately to inform him. He instantly put himself at the head of these new combatants, and ranged them in two close columns, which were joined by all the fugitives; a mass was thus formed capable of terrifying any thing. What added still more to the strength of the phalanx was, that by a magic, which acts upon none but Frenchmen, all had resumed their courage. The general, profiting by this enthusiasm, rushed impetuously upon the enemy, while the latter, not having had time to form again in mass, was on a sudden crushed, almost before he could have time to know what was passing. I say not this because I am a Frenchman, but I can assert with truth that I saw groupes comprising

not more than from sixty to fourscore soldiers, fall, without keeping any ranks, upon whole battalions of the enemy, breaking and dispersing them without their making any resistance; so rapid had been this movement, and so complete was their terror. Never was a victory decided in so short a time; rarely were troops ever seen so completely beaten. There were not two regiments left entire in the Austrian army.

France was, however, deprived of a hero; Desaix received his death in the midst of his laurels. I was not near the Consul when he learned this sad event, nor do I know whether he made use of the words ascribed to him, but if it be true that he said, "Why am I not permitted to weep!" it was

from a consciousness that the gift of tears was one with which he was never blessed, and that it is impossible for us to do what is forbidden by our nature.

Be this as it may, the event which decided this ever-memorable day was a ray of light to him. This mass of men falling on a sudden upon their antagonists, breaking and dispersing them, was a delightful picture to his hardened soul, he could not turn aside from the contemplation of it. For a long time he repeated to himself, when he was alone, the last details of this action. "It is singular!—what! all "was lost — they close again, they "throw themselves upon the enemy "and he is overthrown! This action "is worth all the commentaries of "Cæsar." In effect the art of fighting

from this time took another form with him. It was no longer those judicious combinations, those stratagems of war, which, without shedding oceans of blood, terminate the quarrels of kings; manœuvres upon the field of battle were now only made to watch for the favourable moment when he could pounce upon his prey and destroy it. If Buonaparte had been to chuse between immolating two thousand of the enemy with the loss of four hundred only of his own men, or of mowing down twelve thousand with the loss of fifteen thousand on his own side, we should have had to weep the death of fifteen thousand French. Thus all the success which he has since obtained, never astonished me; never did I say to the military of my acquaintance on

the eve of a battle, *to-morrow you will fight*, but *to-morrow you will overwhelm.*

The convention which followed this bloody day gave both parties time to breathe. We returned to Milan; the Consul's arrival there was the signal for a change in the government. The ancient sytem was annihilated, and these people, grown old under the laws of the house of Austria, saw themselves in a moment republicans, without any wish of being so. Things had long been in a state of preparation for this event. Italy was covered with numerous emissaries of Buonaparte; proclamations were daily circulated, for the purpose of disseminating among the people that revolutionary contagion, in which intrigue, audacity and ambition

easily find wherewithal to gratify their passions. The success answered the hopes of the first consul, and his warlike exploits did not suffer by the revolutionary impulse with which he had endeavoured to inspire all Italy. The Cisalpine Republic was organized; as in France, so here, he contrived to make himself partisans over all the country; all the administrations were infested with them. No one at that time suspected that he was but then sowing, in the hope of reaping in future; in the intent, that if his projects in France should fail, he might, for want of something better, have recourse to Italy. On his return to Paris, he was absorbed in his principal project, that of placing himself upon the throne of France. Even his da-

ring spirit, however, could not but see the immensity of the space which he had to overleap, but he was not therefore dismayed; he only saw that all the resources of his genius must be put in action to attain this great end; that every thing which might divide his attention from without, would obstruct the progress of his schemes in the interior. He determined, therefore, to make peace with Austria, and a peace was signed at Luneville by his brother Joseph and M. Cobentzel. But what a peace was that of Luneville! Ought such a name to be given to a forced contract, all the elements of which were hostile each to the other? For the rest, it was what the two parties wished it should be. Austria only desired time to breathe, and repair her

losses, that she might return anew to the conflict; and the immense projects of the first consul required a suspension of arms. In support of what I advance, I must cite an extract from the secret instructions given by Buonaparte to his brother, as his plenipotentiary at Luneville.

"Let your demands be high, they "will be easily obtained. I am ad- "vised that Austria has no intention "to observe the conditions of the "treaty, she only wants to purchase a "respite. She thinks to deceive me, "yet she knows well that I am pretty "resolute to have my own way. The "interests of France will not allow "that her hopes should be con- "tracted." *(Copied from the original.)* This specimen will suffice to

shew with what kind of good faith he treated. Is it astonishing, that pursuing such a system, Europe should groan under an eternal war?

Tranquil for a moment with regard to Germany, he soon turned his pretended pacific views to the side of England. Proposals were made to the cabinet of St. James's, through the medium of M. Otto, and a treaty of peace, called definitive, was signed at Amiens, the 4th of Germinal, in the year X. A short time after a concordat was signed with the Pope.

These different treaties, of which the most short-sighted policy might see the inconveniences and want of solidity, yet gained him infinite credit with the multitude. The trumpeters of his fame were, above all, unwearied

in sounding forth his praises: to hear them, it must have been supposed that he was a God, who was to bring us back the happy days of the golden age. The people, a superficial rabble, who always cry out against tyranny when they have given themselves a tyrant, seduced by the acclamations they heard, thought they saw in their new master the man reserved by heaven to form their happiness and prosperity.

Buonaparte, instructed in these favourable dispositions towards him, lost no time to take advantage of them, and advance one step further towards the sovereignty. The great bodies of the State were assailed in every direction; they were composed of individuals who did not all precisely agree in sen-

timents with the first consul. Some persons of superficial capacities, though honest men, seduced by the lustre of his exploits, were ready to do every thing he wished; some, having no fortunes but their employments, promised their votes on condition of being continued in their offices. A small number of true republicans yet remained; to some, employments were given, which carried them far from the capital; others were bought over, and the few who were incorruptible, either retired or coldly followed the torrent. The Jacobins still remained, and it was of importance to secure them; a brilliant future, and great hopes, were the snares into which they were drawn. Buonaparte, well assured of the elasticity of

his springs, delayed not a moment to put the machine in motion, and he was soon named consul for life. This was making a gigantic stride towards the accomplishment of his designs, and he now no longer doubted of complete success.

Mean time, his projects upon France did not turn him aside from those he had formed with respect to Italy. Among his papers was found the developement of his system; there also is to be found the full conviction, that all his projects of future greatness, whatever they might be, would never be accomplished but at the expence of rivers of blood. If ever Buonaparte did display any abilities, it was certainly during his consulate. His politics with regard to Italy undoubtedly

display the consummate, the able, and the ambitious politician. If France had refused him the sceptre, his plan was to make that subservient to seizing on the throne of Italy. His brother Joseph, whom he had condemned to endure the shocks of ambition, was the only person then in the secret: When, after the victory of Marengo, the First Consul planned the re-organization of the Cisalpine Republic, the idea was to put his brother at the head of this new State. He wrote to him upon the subject, and received the following answer. The language held in it by Joseph, is that of a truly honest man, who prefers the sweets of private life to the storms inseparable from usurped power. Would to heaven he had always retained the same senti-

ments! Here follows his answer to his brother:

"Citizen Consul,

"I received your letter, dated the "3d of Messidor, and am grieved "that I must be obliged to decline the "eminent station which your kind-"ness condescends to offer me. You "think too highly of my abilities; "I will confess freely, that I do not "by any means feel myself endowed "with the qualities necessary for pre-"siding over a people so turbulent as "the Italians. Jealous of all their "neighbours, but more particularly "of the French, the Italians will ne-"ver, but with impatience, behold me "at the head of their government; "and all the weight which you have

" in that country will not save me from
" the *Gallus cantat.** Do not then
" Citizen Consul, take offence at my
" refusal, and believe that on any other
" occasion I shall not hesitate a mo-
" ment to render you any service in
" my power !".....

.....

The Consul, on receiving this letter, suffered a movement of irritation to burst forth for a moment. He crumpled it up in his hands, and throwing it upon the chimney, said, " He is in
" the right; he is a poor creature; I
" addressed myself ill.—*Gallus cantat.*
" —The fool does not know how ap-
" plicable the answer was." After walking some turns about the room,

* An allusion made in full conclave to a French Cardinal,

he added, " It is over ; we must have " patience !"—In effect, from that time the thing was never more thought of, nor at his return to Paris did he ever evince any resentment towards his brother. So much forbearance appeared at the time a problem to me; I soon after received the solution.

The principal citizens of the Cisalpine Republic received an order to repair to Lyons, where an extraordinary consultation was to be held, at which Buonaparte purposed himself to preside. One-half of the members were sold to him, the others trembled at what was to come. Yet what infernal genius then protected the First Consul? This epoch of his life almost tempts us to believe in fatalism. It is with mildness, with amenity, and with

great promises, that men, and more especially Italians, a people jealous, captious, and always inimical to the French, are usually seduced. But Buonaparte disdained these means of seduction. Never were representatives of any people treated with so much haughtiness, so much insult, so much contempt, as messieurs the deputies sent to this consultation.

Some days before the general meeting was held, he assembled a number of them at his house; probably those who, from their known abilities, and the opinions they held, he was conscious were the most to be feared. "Gentlemen," said he, "since you "were formed into a body for the "conduct of state affairs, I have re-"ceived nothing but trouble and cha-

" grin at your hands. You abound
" with intrigues, with wretches in the
" pay of Austria. I declare to you, Gen-
" tlemen, that this alternative alone
" remains, either you must be con-
" sidered as a conquered country, and
" treated as such, or you must be in-
" dependent. In the first case I shall
" know how to preserve my conquest;
" in the second, the power which I
" have created, and of which I propose
" to make myself the chief; a thing I
" never should have thought of, had I
" found any one among you of suf-
" ficient weight, sufficiently firm, and,
" above all, sufficiently free from local
" prejudices for the situation:—that
" power I will protect, will make it
" respected every where.—I request
" you then, Gentlemen, so transmit to

" your colleagues this summary of my
" intentions, which have nothing in
" view but the happiness of your
" country. They will then have time
" to prepare their answers to the plans
" I shall have the honour of laying
" before them at the general meeting."

The whole audience appeared thunderstruck with astonishment, which he perceiving, resumed the discourse:—
" You appear surprised, Gentlemen,
" but resume your confidence; the
" epoch is arrived which is to place
" you in the first rank of the secondary
" powers of Europe. Every thing that
" precedes or follows this great work
" ought to be impressed with the
" stamp of energy and firmness. It
" was not my intention to wound
" any one, and, I flatter myself, that

" for this you have given me full
" credit."

These last palliatives did not produce all the effect he expected. Some of the deputies retired extremely discontented. This, however made no alteration in his projects, and four days after he was named President of the Italian Republic, formerly theCisalpine Republic. This important affair being terminated, his attention was next directed to Switzerland, which for some time held out against his views. Troops were marched thither ; and after a little slight skirmishing, force compelled justice to be silent, and all followed the course he prescribed.

A short time before this, treaties had been concluded with the Ottoman Porte, and the Dey of Algiers. The

First Consul was then about to resign himself wholly to the execution of his great design, when he had information from the numerous spies every where dispersed, that the departments of the Lower Seine, and of the Eure and Oise, were not favourably disposed towards him; that many of the most distinguished persons in the country contributed not a little to cherish this disaffection; that a journey into these parts was indispensable, and that above all things he must every where shew himself affable and popular.

This advice was not neglected, and he soon after set out on a visit to the departments indicated, where he paid particular attention to the manufactures, to the work-shops, to every branch of trade and commerce. Great

promises, feeble encouragement, some kindness, and a sufficient quantity of charlatanism, acquired him no less reputation than would have been derived from a victory. If there be any thing precious in the enthusiasm of the multitude, I will own that he may flatter himself with having excited that of these provinces. To give a specimen: in one of the towns which he visited, I do not recollect the name, his carriage went over the body of a man, by trade a watchmaker. He was old, and grievously hurt. The First Consul sent to inquire after him; and the person charged with the commission brought the following quatrain from the dying man:

Now may I seek, resign'd, the shades below;
France, the most perfect gift to thee e'er sent
I've seen,—the noblest prize the world could shew;
I've seen Napoleon, and I die content.

"It is charming," he said, "but "I have broke his thigh." This little anecdote is a proof that nothing is more easy than to seduce the vulgar, and that an able charlatan who combines power with pliability, may always mould them to his entire pleasure.

On his return to Paris the First Consul thought that it was time to strike the grand stroke, that of seizing on the Imperial dignity, and rendering it hereditary in his family. But, to his great astonishment, he found that obstacles were to be encountered which he had not foreseen, or rather which he believed were no longer in existence. These emanated from the jacobins. One of the most distinguished among them, whom he had won over, was charged with sounding them upon

this important matter, without however suffering the thing to appear like a plan already formed. The report he made was by no means satisfactory. " How," said they, " would you have " us place on the throne a man who " will never forget that we were the " great enemies to monarchical power? " —he will never believe that such " a sacrifice of our opinions can be " sincere. Always suspected by the " monarch it will be necessary always " to keep on our guard against him. " Buonaparte, besides, in his different " correspondences with foreign powers " has always aimed at convincing " them that he was a stranger to the " events which occasioned the down- " fall of the throne. This distinction " which he has ever sought to establish

" between the opinions of those days
" and his own, is an unanswerable
" proof that if the diadem be placed
" on his head, our lives and fortunes
" can no longer be in safety."

The information thus acquired was remitted word for word to Buonaparte. " I should not have expected" said he to his agent, " that men whom it was
" my purpose hereafter to load with
" wealth and honours, would so deci-
" dedly oppose my elevation.—You
" did not I hope let them understand
" that you were in my confidence?"
" —Fear nothing, Citizen Consul, the
" conversation related to you is merely
" the abstract of what has been col-
" lected from sounding the minds
" of several among them."

This expected opposition was ex-

tremely adverse to the projects of Buonaparte. The next day he held a long conference with Messieurs Cambacérès C. . . . s, and F. . . . é. When they quitted him he appeared wholly lost in thought; Cambacérès returned immediately, and they were closeted together for some time. In about half an hour they came into the drawing-room, where they conversed awhile, and then went out together. The next day Buonaparte was much indisposed; he kept his room and would not see any one except his brother Joseph, who came to him about noon. They dined together; the conversation appeared to be carried on very earnestly. "You "paint every thing in dark colours," said Joseph, "upon trifling obstacles "you believe all lost." "My brother

" you are mistaken, it is not so, no-
" thing is lost, but we must have re-
" course to great means, for I do not
" see any overture that can be made
" them. I have them sounded every
" day, and in all directions."—" Be-
" lieve me they will come to at length,
" but time must be allowed." The two brothers separated the best friends possible.

Things remained in this situation a fortnight; it was an age to the First Consul, and he was on the point of confining his desires to being sovereign of Italy, but without any idea of touching the dominions of Saint Peter; this plan was ably conceived.

In the first place he began, under various pretences, to violate the treaty of Luneville. He pressed the Emperor on the Rhine, while, at the head of

a numerous army, he pushed forwards to the Tyrol, and carried the war into the very heart of Germany. Relying on his tactics, and on the number and courage of the soldiers he commanded, success never appeared doubtful to him, and from what I observed this did not appear presuming too far.

The Emperor of Austria, trembling for his capital, solicited peace, and it was easily obtained; conditions were even granted which, considering the circumstances, he had no right to expect. An armistice was first concluded, and Frankfort on the Maine was afterwards fixed upon as the spot where they were to treat for a solid and lasting peace. The plenipotentiary for France was already chosen, it was Buonaparte himself. The two ambassadors met, the

Consul opened the matter boldly at once, and said:—

" France restores to His Majesty the " Emperor of Austria, without any " equivalent or any subsidy whatever, " all the conquests she has made since " the commencement of the war in " 1792, till the ratification of the pre- " sent treaty, with the exception of " those possessions in Italy now com- " prised within the Italian republic.

" Napoleon Buonaparte, president " of the said Italian republic, shall be " declared and acknowledged sove- " reign of this territory, under the title " of *King of Lombardy.*

" His Majesty the Emperor of Aus- " tria engages to have him recognized " as such by the electors who compose " the Germanic body. The kingdom

" of Lombardy shall be hereditary in
" the dynasty of Napoleon, oonfined to
" the male line only. The royal fa-
" mily of France, and the imperial
" family of Austria, are for ever ex-
" cluded from the throne of Lom-
" bardy.

" Desirous of putting a period to
" the factions which desolate France,
" Louis Stanislaus Xavier, brother of
" the last king, shall be recalled to the
" French throne.

" Napoleon, King of Lombardy,
" shall engage, if it be necessary, which
" he does not believe, to support by
" force of arms and with the power
" which France has confided to him,
" the return of Louis XVIII to his
" states, and in concert with His Ma-
" jesty the Emperor of Germany to

" assist in strengthening him on the
" throne of his ancestors.

" His Majesty Louis XVIII shall
" engage on his side to acknowledge
" Napoleon Buonaparte as King of
" Lombardy, and to employ his good
" offices with other powers to have
" him recognized as such.

" France shall remain in possession
" of Hanover till the conclusion of
" peace with England. This article is
" submitted to the discretion of the
" King of France.

" All the states which have been in-
" vaded shall return under the domi-
" nion of their ancient masters, parti-
" cularly Holland.

" The present treaty shall be sub-
" mitted to the sanction of all the

" other powers of Europe without ex-
" ception.

" The belligerent powers shall not
" lay down their arms till after the
" complete ratification of the present
" treaty."

Let me now request the daily writers to cast an eye over this projected treaty, and see if they do not discover in it, the hand of a profound politician and of a man deeply ambitious. If a plan thus wisely conceived were carried into execution all Europe would at once be restored to perfect tranquility. He was sure of meeting with no obstacle to it on the part of foreign potentates. The balance of power in Europe was preserved, and, perhaps, more firmly consolidated by the establishment of the kingdom of Lombardy, with the

condition that the Houses of France and Austria were for ever excluded from the succession to it; Holland and Prussia, in particular, would have seen with pleasure this growing state. The Emperor of Germany would have been the only sufferer, this I readily acknowledge; but what was the position in which he stood at that time. Harassed by twelve years of losses and defeats, the French victorious in the very heart of his country, perhaps already in possession of his capital, all his dominions upon the Rhine, the Meuse, the Sambre and the Moselle, in the hands of the enemy, his fine provinces of Brabant and Belgium irrecoverably lost;—in such a position, could he hesitate a moment to sacrifice his possessions in Italy. Every thing

was restored except these; to sacrifice them was, I own, much; but in the actual state of things the conditions of the treaty were more favorable than he could reasonably expect; nor must it be forgotten that the provinces he yielded were not to contribute towards the aggrandizement of any other state. Reasons so powerful were sufficient to obviate sll objections on his part.

Let us advert now to the article the most interesting to France, the most artfully conceived, and the most decisive for the personal fortunes and interests of Buonaparte. I mean the article which recalled Louis XVIII. to the throne of his ancestors. I shall not dilate upon the consequences likely to result from such a stroke; they were incalculable, no less with

regard to the interests of France and of all Europe, than of him who projected the plan.

The Consul, in recalling to the throne the legitimate heir, suppressed by a single stroke the party of those who had obstructed his own way to it. His vengeance was so much the more complete, since he became their sovereign, by deciding their downfal; his glory and his renown were fixed upon a foundation which nothing could destroy. Whatever were the parties which at that time divided France, Buonaparte, in issuing out his orders under the name of Louis XVIII. would have seen multitudes flock to his standard. The royalists both within and without the empire would have rushed to it with the utmost precipita-

tion; the republicans even, awakened from their dreams, and who, never carrying their private views too far, had confined themselves to the idea of serving their country — these men, among whom were many highly to be esteemed, would soon have united hand and heart with the king's friends.

What a spectacle to Europe and to France, so see by the side of the conqueror of Italy, a Pichegru and a Moreau leading back into his States the lawful heir of the last monarch! Peace, happiness, glory, riches, commerce, every thing would have been regained by her. Delightful picture! When I found the materials which proved to me that it ought to have existed, the time was, alas! past, that

this was possible—an atrocious crime had precluded its possibility.

In the beginning of February, 1804, the chief of battalion Rosey, a person who had gained a footing about Mr. Drake, then minister from Great Britain to the court of Stutgard, informed the first consul, that the English ambassador carried on a clandestine intercourse in France, by the intervention of agents upon the right bank of the Rhine, as well at Weissembourg as at Offenbourg; the Baroness de Reich being a principal person among them. No time was lost; active and skilful spies were immediately dispatched to the right bank of the Rhine, with orders to gain a footing among the different agents of the English govern-

ment. The chief of battalion Rosey was secretly to assist them in fulfilling the objects of their mission. On the 2d of March a letter was remitted to the First Consul from one of the spies who had insinuated himself into the society of the Baroness de Reich.—After many other things relative to the Baroness and those in her confidence, the letter concluded with the following unfortunate details:

"On Tuesday evening I was at the "Baroness's house, where a numerous "company were assembled. I was "playing at cards at the table with "M. Stelaubenz, when the military "successes of the First Consul were "warmly discussed. Some ascribed "them to his great knowledge in the "art of war, others boldly denied this

" consequence, when a person of the
" company observed, that in order to
" judge the question fairly, every one
" should be acquainted with the senti-
" ments which he had heard delivered
" by a very great man, one very capa-
" ble of forming a judgment in matters
" of this kind, 'The exploits of Buo-
" 'naparte,' our orator continued,
" 'as this deep-judging observer
" 'said to me, prove very little in
" 'favour of his military genius. I
" 'have long been in possession of the
" 'secret of his tactics, and of his
" 'successes. He owes his triumphs
" 'only to the little value he sets upon
" 'the lives of his soldiers. So long
" 'as the other powers do not oppose
" 'to him a like system, they may be
" 'assured of defeats. Yes, gentle-

" ' men, it is by throwing whole bat-
" ' talions upon the swords of the ene-
" ' my's cavalry, it is by taking no
" ' thought of the number of killed
" ' and wounded, that this pretended
" ' great captain has succeeded in se-
" ' ducing Europe by the lustre of his
" ' victories.' Every one was struck
" with this harangue; the name of
" the person who had given such an
" opinion was earnestly inquired, but
" the haranguer was inflexible, and
" would not disclose it.

" For the last quarter of an hour I
" had quitted the card-table; but I
" had never ceased to observe my man
" accurately, I was determined that
" he should not escape me. We en-
" tered into conversation, I expressed
" an earnest desire to know who it was

" that had given the opinion in ques-
" tion relative to the military genius
" of the First Consul. He was not
" however to be moved; I perceived
" that he was even disposed to be an-
" gry at my importunities; to avoid
" suspicion therefore I forbore to urge
" him farther. The next day I occu-
" pied myself with endeavouring to
" learn who this person was, but could
" obtain no satisfaction; the third day
" however I was informed from good
" authority that he was no other than
" the Duke d'Enghien, who had in
" fact been three weeks at Etenheim.
" This was to me a ray of light, and
" from some particulars I obtained,
" trifling ones indeed, I am very much
" mistaken if he was not himself the
" author of the opinion which he pre-

" tended to cite. As to the Baroness de
" Reich, her house is the focus of in-
" telligence with respect to the in-
" trigues which the emissaries are
" carrying on in France. Pellier will
" give you a sketch of some other de-
" tails. Those on the part of M—
" and of L— are on the blank leaf
" which incloses the others; the
" whole must be passed over the hot
" cylinder."

This secret report made to Buonaparte produced on him an effect no less hasty than terrible. He shut himself up in his private apartment, and in an hour after sent to seek for General Murat the governor of Paris. When he arrived, Buonaparte talked to him with some warmth: the General seated himself at a desk, and took notes for

a full quarter of an hour, after which he retired. When the First Consul was left alone he went to the window; there was a great deal of company in the garden. He retired to his closet, and sent for his wife. I know not what passed between them but when she retired she looked pale and Buonaparte said to her; "What would "you have?—'tis the only means."—He paused, they turned back together towards the closet, but did not go in: "calm yourself," said she to him.—"I am calm, perfectly calm, besides "I have considered over the matter "thoroughly. Speak lower, or let us "return."—"No, I am too much "affected, I must quit you. Ah, my "friend, I will write to you—in the "name of heaven let nothing be done

"hastily." The very same evening she went to Malmaison where I learnt that Cambacérès paid her a visit the next day.

Buonaparte in quitting his wife returned to the window which looked on the garden. His countenance was more serene, his features were shaded with a slight tint of joy. He was visited by several of the great dignitaries, and received them all with mildness and tranquillity. At eight o'clock he went to the theatre, where he did not stay long, for he returned by half past nine. General Bessières came to him soon after; he wished to speak to the First Consul respecting some army contractors, who wanted the consular authority to be exerted for superseding the commissary's rejection of some

saddles and harness furnished to the artillery in the year twelve.

"If," said Buonaparte to Bessières, "the commissary thought the "saddles and harness bad, he did "right to reject them."—"That is "not the question," said Bessières, "it is mere malignity on the com-"missary's part; the things are good, "very good, and the contractors only "desire to prove it. They are honest "people of my country, and I interest "myself for them. If their demand "were not just, I should be the first "to object to it." This defence of the contractors was uttered by Bessières with some warmth. Buonaparte replied smiling, "Do not repeat the "same to others, or it will be said that "your *protegés*, as an inducement to

" you to make their saddles pass,
" have presented you with a golden
" saddle."

Bessières was about to reply, when the generals Lannes and Duroc arrived. The conversation soon became general, and the Consul gave his orders for a review on the 18th of Ventose. The next morning, among the different persons who came to pay their respects to the First Consul, was the ex-jacobin whom he had won over and engaged to sound his brethren on the subject of his being placed on the throne of France. " I wish to speak with you," said the Consul; " let the crowd pass." When they were alone, Buonaparte took him by the arm, and they walked together up and down the room. I know not what had been objected by the other, but Buonaparte

said, "I can easily convince you;" and they went into his closet, where they remained together some time. Cambacérès was announced; he came directly from Malmaison, and remitted a letter to the Consul. "It is from "my wife," he said, taking the letter without opening it. "I know the con- "tents; but nothing that can be said "will be of any avail; my determination "is made; every thing requires it;— "yes, every thing requires it." Cambacères was standing with his back to the fire; he made no reply. They both went out. I remarked that the Consul had put the letter into his breeches pocket.

From this time till the 19th Ventose, (the 10th of March), secret conferences were held every day in the Consul's private closet. But few persons

were admitted; and it was always the same. I was all eyes and ears; but I could neither see or hear any thing. I was not the less assured that some great stroke was in agitation. I was certain that every thing in the affair went according to Buonaparte's wishes, and that it was a matter to which he attached very great importance. A joy, gloomy indeed, but very decided, was evident in all his features.

In the night between the tenth and eleventh of March, the Governor of Paris, the General of Brigade Hullin, and a third officer whom I did not know, were introduced into the Chief Consul's closet. In a quarter of an hour Murat went out, having in his hand a sealed packet. I learned, at his return, that this packet had been

sent to the Minister of the Police. Murat, Hullin, and the other officers, retired soon after.

In about two hours Madame Buonaparte returned from Malmaison. No sooner was her husband informed of it than he collected a number of papers together, and went to her. He ordered me to look among the documents relative to the construction of the Pantheon, and select what M. Viel, the architect, had written upon the subject.

This order I turned to my own profit. Some papers of very great importance were mingled with them; but nothing very much to my purpose. A letter from Madame Buonaparte to her husband, however, came at length in my way, and solved in some sort the perplexities I had been in, relative to

the events of the last few days. I had not time to take a copy of it, I only ran it over. If I was not led away by my partiality, it was a model of tenderness and sound reasoning: she pleaded for the interest and the glory of her husband—she pleaded the cause of a young Prince, whom she only designated by that title. Throughout the letter, however, the question seemed to be that of detaining the person in a state prison. I shall give only one passage, which I retained in my memory, and afterwards wrote down in my tablets. "If I were not fearful "that this action would tarnish your "glory, be assured that I would have "preserved silence, and not have given "you the mortification of seeing me in "opposition to you."

The knowledge acquired by the reading of this letter was an important thing to me; but I was still ignorant who the Prince in question was, and that was of no less importance. I did not then know of the fatal detail which the Consul had received from his spies on the right bank of the Rhine; this did not fall into my hands until seven months after the catastrophe to which it led; that is to say, three weeks before that, with several other papers relative to this tragical affair, were burned.

I was in such a wilderness, that I did not think of endeavouring to divine who the victim was that was to be immured. How indeed should I have thought of the Duke d'Enghien? I knew that for three months he had been living at Etenheim; that before he

went thither, he had requested the Elector of Baden to permit his establishing himself there, but that the Elector would not grant the permission without previously acquainting Buonaparte; while he, from the good report made of the Duke by the Elector, had acquiesced in his wishes. I knew still further that M. Rosey, who was sent to watch the English ministers at Stutgard, was secretly charged with keeping his eye upon this Prince; that in a letter, dated the 20th of January, 1804, he thus expressed himself: "The Duke "d'Enghien lives perfectly retired; all "that I hear concerning him leads me "to think that he takes no concern in "political events; his habits are those

" of a private man, who has abandoned
" all recollections."

After such a report, could I suspect that the prince was now in danger?—Alas! it was not permitted me to know it, till it was no longer possible to save him. Mean time, on the 11th of March, which answers to the 20th of Ventose, about eleven at night the same officer, who had some days before accompanied the Generals Murat and Hullin, was introduced into the Consul's closet: the Consul was alone. The officer remained with him somewhat more than a quarter of an hour, when he took his leave. Buonaparte's last words to him were—" Above all,
" be diligent." The very same evening I learnt that this man was General Ordener.

Four or five days after, Madame Buonaparte requested a few minutes audience of her husband. "Let her come," "he said aloud, "but if it be on the er-"rand I presume, assure her that she will "gain nothing." Some moments after, she arrived; the Consul received her at the door of the apartment, which he would not shut, to prevent her speaking aloud. She, however, shut it herself. Nothing, therefore, was to be heard but a low murmur for the space of about ten minutes. Josephine then retired; her countenance was bathed with tears, which she did not attempt to conceal. Her husband told me to follow her to the antichamber, and to come and tell him what her women said. I remained there half an hour. Madame Buonaparte, after shedding

some tears, had gone to bed. Her women said that she had been soliciting a favour of her husband, which he had refused. This confidence was not of a nature to be reported to the First Consul, and I only told him of the state in which I had left his wife.—"It is her fault," said he hastily, and without appearing to reflect that he was speaking to me—"the Duke has "deserved his fate, and the universe "cannot save him—I have told her so "twenty times, and still she persists." Then perceiving me there—"I know "not what I say," he added, "and "that troubles me." He looked at his watch. "I will go out in an hour," he said. He afterwards placed himself at the window, still talking aloud to himself; but as his head was with-

out the window, it was impossible to to understand any thing.

Scarcely had I retired to my own room, when the Consul's words recurred to my memory. Who then, I thought within myself, is this Duke, whom the universe cannot save?—the unfortunate man is doomed to perish. This is not the prince whose cause Josephine pleaded in the letter which I found some days ago. No, he was only to be detained as a prisoner. A Duke!—it must be the Duke d'Enghien—there can be no doubt of it. My blood ran chill in my heart.—I endeavoured, notwithstanding, to reject the idea—the crime appeared to me impossible. Could Buonaparte, who had so warmly disclaimed having any share in the death of Louis XVI.

think of sacrificing a descendant of the great Condé ?—No, no, I am deceived.

Alas ! my uncertainty was of no long duration. On the 19th of March a courier brought information to the Consul, that the Duke d'Enghien was then within thirty-six leagues of Paris. In the morning of the next day, another brought advice that the Prince would be at the barrier of Saint Martin, at the latest, about five o'clock in the afternoon. A courier was instantly dispatched to meet him, with orders that the carriage should go round by the walls, and that the Duke should be lodged in the castle of Vincennes.—Buonaparte's aide-de camp was at the same time sent to the governor of Paris, with instructions immediately

to summon a special council of war, consisting of seven members, of which General Hullin was to be the president; the said council to assemble at ten o'clock in the evening at the castle of Vincennes, for the purpose of trying a prisoner accused of conspiring against the safety of the State, and the person of the First Consul. The name of the Duke d'Enghien was not mentioned in these instructions.

A large company were assembled the same evening at the Thuileries. About two in the morning a courier arrived from Vincennes, with a letter for Buonaparte. He went into his closet, where he remained a short time; then calling an aide-de-camp, he gave him a letter, with orders to hasten to Vincennes, and not return without an an-

swer. He afterwards rejoined the company, but whatever efforts he made, he could take no part in the conversation. At five o'clock in the morning the aide-de-camp returned, and put a note into his hands: he broke the seal eagerly, and having read it, said aloud—
"I have been troubled long enough—
"I shall then hear of him no more."
The next day it was known all over the chateau, that the Duke d'Enghien had been shot that night at the castle of Vincennes.

It is impossible to form an idea of the impression that the death of this prince made upon all who were usually about Buonaparte. A gloomy and reserved air pervaded them all; there were even some who took so little pains to disguise their sentiments, that

he perceived them: this was particularly the case with M. C.... "Citi-
"zen minister," said the Consul to him before a number of people, "you
"had better, I think, write down
"what you have to say, you will then
"be spared oral communication with
"me, which I perceive gives you pain.
"If half measures be to your taste,
"this is not the age for you, citizen."
(Given word for word) M. C.... answered—"There are circumstances,
"Citizen Consul, in which a man has
"not sufficient self-command, to be
"capable of rendering himself agree-
"able to every body, yet without hav-
"ing the least wish to wound any
"one." This scene was not attended with any further consequences. Buonaparte, however, perfectly convinced

that the death of the Duke d'Enghien had alienated many persons from him, did all he could to efface the impression. His character, naturally severe and despotic, became on a sudden more pliant and engaging. Then was the season for asking favours; whoever solicited one, might almost depend upon not being refused. When force and power united are presented to us under the mask of mildness and affability, few are they who can withstand them.

In treating of this unfortunate affair, justice demands that I should correct an error into which the public has fallen. It was not M. Armand Caulaincourt who directed the arrest of the Duke d'Enghien, he was unacquainted with the secret of General

Ordener's mission. The latter set out from Paris on the 20th of Ventose, in the year XII. and it was not till the 21st of the same month that the minister of war, Berthier, gave orders to M. Caulaincourt to repair to Strasbourg, for the purpose of urging the construction of the flotilla destined to act against England. He was also to concert measures with M. Mehée for arresting the Baroness de Reich. This assertion is so much the more worthy of credit, as I cannot, in many other respects, applaud the proceedings of the *grand ecuyer.*

The death of the young prince was soon forgotten by a considerable part of those who had at first been revolted at it. There were even found mercenary writers, who could pretend

to justify the deed. Two principal causes which influenced Buonaparte on the occasion, were his desire to conciliate the Jacobins, whom he feared, and the conversation above mentioned, which passed at the Baroness de Reich's. This conversation, perhaps falsely ascribed to the prince, wounded the Consul's *amour-propre* mortally. He could not endure the idea of being unmasked by a young man, who might some day influence the other powers to profit by his discovery, and the barbarian vowed his death.

This crime gratified at once Buonaparte's thirst of vengeance, and his ambition. The blood of the illustrious victim raised an adamantine barrier between him and the Bourbons, but it

conciliated the Jacobins, and removed the principal obstacle which barred his way to the throne, the great object of his desires. There were, however, still two men, whom he feared at least as much as the Jacobins; these were Moreau and Pichegru. The first, a truly great captain, no less affable than modest, cherished by the people and the army, had a contempt for the bombast of Buonaparte, which he did not always sufficiently disguise. The Consul had placed about him two spies, who were constantly haunting him, and who brought a faithful account to their employer of the general's most indifferent actions. An authentic extract from one of their reports is subjoined.

"We dined yesterday with Moreau:

" the company consisted of the gene-
" ral's brother, Frenière, Valubert,
" Desbordes, Lamartillière, and Pi-
" chon. The conversation turned upon
" the French navy. Lamartillière said
" that he should never have the sa-
" tisfaction of seeing us with a re-
" spectable one; how could it be, in-
" deed, since we had no such thing as
" an eminent seaman. ' It cannot be
" ' expected,' said Pichon, ' all eyes
" ' are upon the land."—' Where they
" ' do not, however, see great things,'
" said Valubert good-humouredly.—
" ' Perhaps more than you think,' said
" Moreau; ' there are people who as-
" ' sert that the Corsicans will in a
" ' short time have a fine laugh against
" ' us.'—' As how?'—' That's plain
" ' enough; they will say France would

" ' not leave us a King—we are more
" ' obliging to them, we give them an
" ' Emperor.' Several jokes followed
" this sally of the general's. Du-
" ring the desert, Desbordes, in tak-
" ing off the rind of an orange,
" squeezed some of the juice, so that it
" sparkled into his eye. ' Aye, aye,'
" says he, ' I might have been well
" ' aware that I should gain nothing
" ' by pressing *l'écorce* (le Corse*),—
" ' that it would even occasion smart.'
" This sally produced a general laugh.
" ' Do not, however, go and say that
" ' elsewhere,' added the general; ' if
" ' the great Corsican were to know it,
" ' he would not laugh.' "—It was
thus that General Moreau had among
his intimates men base enough to report

* This is a play upon words, *l'écorce* signifies the rind—*le Corse*, the Corsican.

to his enemy every thing he said, every thing that passed in the interior of his family. One of these wretches being afterwards attached to the army of Spain, was hanged by the inhabitants at Saragossa.

Less perfidy would have sufficed to excite Buonaparte's utmost animosity against a man whose talents and reputation always corroded him. Cruelly jealous, he was anxious, above all things, that he should be removed wholly out of the way; but he wished to unite his destruction with that of another, whom he hated, if possible, even more mortally, not only on account of his military genius, but still more for his invincible attachment to the cause of Louis XVIII. This was Pichegru.

Skilful emissaries were sent into England, who had orders to connect themselves closely with the Royalists in that country; to persuade them that France waited only a signal to oppose the ambition of Buonaparte, who aimed at ascending the throne. In the interior of France, multitudes of secret agents of the police were dispersed in the houses of all people attached to the King's party. These dangerous men, determined cameleons, could readily take the hues of all the partisans of the house of Bourbon. They succeeded in making them believe, that in every part of the administration, and in all the constituted authorities of the State, there were a number of men ready to oppose the

projects of the usurper; but that all observed the strictest silence, for want of a point of union.

Some of the first persons in the State did not blush to associate themselves with these spies of the police, and to support their impostures. This horrible combination was attended with the desired success: the Royalists of the interior, deceived as to the actual state of things, believed that the favourable moment for the royal cause was arrived. They wrote to this effect to their friends abroad, who, deceived and deluded like themselves, fell into the snare. The police on the coasts, and that of the interior, had orders to wink at the correspondences carrying on, nay, even to lend their assistance in forwarding them. This negligence

was carried so far, that it was some time before discovery could be made of the places where many of the conspirators lodged, after their arrival at Paris.

Pichegru, who, from some unfortunate circumstances, was at variance with Moreau, had however several interviews with his former companion in arms. Of this Buonaparte, was publicly advertised by a member of the government, even before it was reported by his secret spies. At the receipt of the news he uttered an exclamation of delight. I contemplated him earnestly; his lips and the play of his eye-balls, exhibited a laugh not to be described; a laugh to inspire terror. In an hour after, the news was officially announced to him.—"It "is all we want," said he coldly. It

was indeed all he wanted for the destruction of his two illustrious enemies. All proper orders were immediately given to Murat and the grand-judge; the runners of the police quitted the characters they had hitherto assumed; some became *sbirri*, others accusers. The sequel of this unhappy affair is well known as to all its leading features; but there are circumstances of which the public is still ignorant, and which it is expedient they should know.

To the jury alone properly belonged the right of judging the accused; but this would not have answered the Consul's views; juries could not easily be seduced. The springs which must have been set in motion for this purpose were too numerous and too com-

plicated, and great risks would have been incurred of suffering designs to appear, which it was necessary to conceal from the public. Judges were therefore named to pronounce, in this great cause, sentences which Buonaparte had already pronounced in his closet. Hémart was appointed president of this tribunal.

As the time of trial drew near, Buonaparte, who could not believe how much Moreau was esteemed and beloved by the soldiers and the people, to put this matter to the proof, instructed the police to forbear restraining the public opinion upon the subject. He ordered that every one should be allowed to speak his mind freely; that the spies should only give an account of what they heard to the grand-

judge, who was to make his reports to the Consul. It fell to my lot to run over this mass of papers, the result of which was, notwithstanding the numberless contradictions they contained, that Buonaparte could not but feel Moreau to be a formidable enemy, alike from the vast credit he had in the army, and from the interest felt for him by the people.

It will, perhaps, be supposed, that the attachment of the soldiers to their general gave the Consul more uneasiness than the interest with which he inspired the multitude. By no means. All possible precautions had been taken to parry a great stroke meditated by the military; and, whatever may be said by persons who know nothing at all of this affair, the details of which

were always a secret, and long will be so.—Notwithstanding what has been said, it is a fact, that on the day before Moreau was arrested, the Consul was in possession of every particular relative to the conspiracy formed in his favour by the military.

The conspirators consisted of officers of all ranks, to whom were added a number of subaltern officers and soldiers, all safe and secret men, on whose courage and intrepidity the firmest reliance might be placed. It was even known that both in Germany and Italy, secret coteries, civil and military, were held for the purpose of co-operating, if necessary, with the French conspirators. Their only intention, in the first instance, was, in case of Moreau's being condemned to

death by the judges, to carry him off by main force. It was not as he was led to execution that he was to be rescued, as some one who knows nothing of the matter, has recently asserted, but at the moment the sentence was pronounced; and such measures were taken as almost to assure success. To prevent suspicion the conspirators were only to be armed with pistols and daggers. The gendarmes, and the agents of the police in the interior of the court of justice were in a moment to be seized, each by two men at least; and, in case of resistance, their shoulders were to be dislocated, if that could be done, but this only in the utmost extremity. Without the courts the agents were to harangue the people, and engage them to oppose, in the

cause of the general whom they pitied, the force that authority might employ against him. Others of the conspirators were to distribute themselves about the streets and public places; and in the barracks were stationed officers ready to harangue the troops, of whose assistance they felt themselves assured. Two carriages were to be in waiting; one at the Place Dauphine, and the other at the New-Market. Fourscore saddle-horses, all ready accoutred, were to be scattered in different parts; and the uniforms prepared for the conspirators were at five hundred paces from the court of justice. One of the most remarkable things in the plot was, the general order given to avoid, as much as possible, introducing the name of the First

Consul in the harangues made during the execution of the project; above all, not to irritate the people against the government. I know not what was the end proposed in these precautions; but this I know, that they perplexed Buonaparte very much, and gave him strong suspicions that some of the members of the government were no strangers to what was going forwards: this I do not believe.

The Consul lost no time, as soon as he was master of these particulars, in imparting them to one of his ministers. This latter inquired whether General Moreau had consented to the plan? "On the contrary," replied the Consul; "I perceive by a note from La-
"jolais, that he has given very vague
"and ambiguous answers upon the

" subject, and in the last instance has
" refused a blank with a signature."
When Buonaparte came to the article requiring the conspirators not to mingle the name of the First Consul with the cries inevitable upon such occasions, nor to irritate the people against the government, the minister was conscientious and courageous enough to say, that he could see nothing in the whole matter, except that the fate of Moreau excited a very general interest. Lajolais's note, he observed, proved that nothing was intended against the Consul's person, and that the conspirators had no idea of overturning the government. " Well, what
" is to be done?" said Buonaparte struck, but not irritated, at the minister's answer. The latter immedi-

ately replied,—nothing but to satisfy the Parisians, and all France, respecting the fate of General Moreau; to make it known among the conspirators, especially among the military, that the General's life is in no danger, but carefully to avoid giving any hints that the existence of such a plot is suspected. "This is all very well;" said the Consul, "but, perhaps, you "will be surprised to hear, that the "conspiracy has not been detected by "the police, the details come from "one of my secret agents in Germany. "Do not ask me," he added, "to "whom I owe this important dis-"covery; it was communicated to my "servant by a lady who took advan-"tage of my absence, probably to "avoid running any risk of being

" known. I have taken all possible
" pains to trace her out, or to detect
" the names of some of the conspi-
" rators, but I have not yet suc-
" ceeded."

" How," said the minister, " this
" is nothing more, then, than an ano-
" nymous confidence?"—The Consul
interrupted him: " I knew what
" you would say," said he. " When
" first I received the intelligence the
" same idea suggested itself to me, but
" researches made by my orders have
" assured me that such a plot really
" does exist. It is nevertheless expe-
" dient that at present nobody in
" France, yourself excepted, should
" suppose me to be in the secret."
The difficulty of this being concealed
did not dismay the Consul. The in-

ferior agents of the police were kept in total ignorance upon the subject; their orders not to controul the free circulation of opinions were not countermanded; they had only additional directions given them to be in readiness to repair any where that a disposition to tumult might appear, and to give all possible assistance to the partisans of the government. The superior agents were dispersed in those places which were deemed the most dangerous, but they were strictly ordered not to arrest any one within the court of justice, unless some very decided attempt of the kind expected should be made. A military force was besides held in readiness in the environs of the court. To all these precautions, taken in secret, Buonaparte added another, which, as

he had foreseen, produced a very powerful effect. This was, privately to circulate a report that the life of Moreau was in no danger. The conspirators themselves however placed no confidence in the report, and their purpose was no way changed by it.

If this plot gave the Consul some uneasiness, the measures taken to render it abortive satisfied him as to the issue, till among the different reports made by the agents of the police in his employ, one was remitted which almost changed the face of affairs. It was so much the more remarkable, since it was not given in the constrained and ambiguous stile of a spy who scarcely dares impart all he has witnessed, all he has heard. It ran thus: "For two "days I have never been absent from

" the environs of the court of justice.
" Within and without every part is
" thronged with persons impatient to
" hear the news of the trial. It seems
" as if there were only one person in-
" culpated, all the rest are totally for-
" gotten. The name of *General Mo-*
" *reau*, for so he is always called, ne-
" ver *Moreau* simply, is in every
" mouth, the interest he inspires per-
" vades every heart, the earnest de-
" sire to see him acquitted is impressed
" on every countenance. I have con-
" trived to steal in among several
" groupes; they were composed of
" all classes from the crœsus to
" the beggar, every where I found
" the same sentiments. This interest
" for the accused is besides greatly in-
" creased by the military. Mingled
" among the people, some speak of

" the General's mildness, of his good-
" ness, others talk of his battles, his
" celebrated retreat, his victories, and
" his modesty, some even weep; I
" saw a martial of artillery weep like
" a child. I went into the coffee-house
" of Desmoulins opposite the Court
" of Justice; I found there two offi-
" cers of the cavalry, and three ci-
" tizens drinking together at a table.
" I know not what they had been say-
" ing among themselves, but suddenly
" the oldest of the two officers rose
" from his seat, and holding in his right
" hand his empty glass which he had
" broke upon the table. 'Heaven
" and earth,' he exclaimed, "Mo-
" reau arraigned at the bar! 'tis an
" abomination! 'tis not to be en-
" dured! let us go.'—The other offi-
" cer retained him; two of the citi-

" zens joined the latter, observing to
" the first officer that he might endan-
" ger his own safety. Who? me,
" arrest me? — I defy them.—Arrest
" me! — I would kill a dozen of them
" first. Look here, and so saying,
" he drew from his waistcoat pocket a
" pair of pistols, one of which was
" loaded. After awhile his friends suc-
" ceeded in calming him a little, when
" they called for more beer; but they
" drank it by themselves, he would
" not drink any more. In a short
" time after, they all left the Coffee-
" house, and went into the Court of
" Justice, where mingling among the
" croud, I soon lost sight of them."

The signature of this report was so very illegible that I cannot tell whether it was Borde, Baurié, or Bornié, but it was I think one or other of these

names. Whoever was the author, it must be owned, notwithstanding the order he had received to relate the exact truth, that he was very bold. I believe that the police, in similar circumstances, does not often receive similar reports. If however it was the intention of the reporter to interest the Consul in favour of the accused, or if he expected to terrify him by shewing what dangers would be incurred by sacrificing Moreau, though he may deserve credit for his intentions, he failed in his end; the means he employed to save this great man were precisely those which accelerated his ruin.

Buonaparte was alone when the packet sent by the Grand-Judge was put into his hands. "Read me these pa-" pers," said he, addressing himself to me. Several of them appearing to him

verbose and insignificant, he made me lay them down one after the other, very soon after I had begun reading. Coming at length to that, the extract from which is given above; "Aha!" said he, "this is a very different matter; begin again." I obeyed; he was standing with his face towards me, holding his chin with his left hand, in an attitude of the deepest attention. When I had finished: "That is strong," he said, "is it true?—but I doubt no lon-
" ger.—I desired that they would con-
" ceal nothing from me, I desired the
" literal truth. One person alone tells
" it me without evasion, and I ought
" to believe him. I am sure that he
" does not exaggerate, for he knows the
" danger of doing so; 'tis well, he
" performs his office duly, I thank the

" Judge for not having kept back this
" paper. Put it in the port-folio, and
" write on the back *Moreau.*" Afterwards, speaking to himself, he added:
" Ah Moreau! Madame Buonaparte
" told me truly, but could one believe
" it?—people, soldiers, all, the thing
" is unprecedented.—'Tis not however
" too late."

Messieurs Chaptal and Lebrun were now announced, he expected them and M. Fourcroy, the latter, did not come. I retired. The next day M. Fourcroy came early, making excuses for his omission the evening before, saying that he had been indisposed, nay was so still. " We have finished nothing," said Buonaparte, " but there is no
" hurry. Well, tell me, this Moreau
" then makes a great noise?"—" Yes,

" among the people of the suburbs, " and in some of the guard-houses."— " No, no, not merely that,—'Tis very " true." — " You magnify objects."— " Magnify objects! Give me that report," said he to me. " Here " he continued, giving it to M. Fourcroy, " read, and tell me whether this be not " very decisive."—M. Fourcroy having read the report said: " Well, " and what does this prove?—nothing " but this; that a little reputation " makes him more talked of than the " rest; in a few days they will talk " of other things."—" 'Tis not entire- " ly that," said the Consul, " the af- " fair is of a more serious nature, and " I should do very ill not to guard " against the results."

I had no doubt in my own mind that

Moreau's doom was sealed. Before the commencement of the proceedings the tribunal had been instructed to convict him capitally, that the Consul might have the credit of granting him a pardon. If the consciences of the judges had not revolted against these perfidious insinuations, if they had trusted to the generosity of Buonaparte, this tyrant would have made them accomplices of an atrocious crime, Moreau would have terminated his career of glory under the axe of the executioner. Vainly did the Consul say to his wife: "In reserving to myself the "power of granting his pardon, who "shall say that this may not be the "means of uniting us. I can assure "you it rests only with him that it "should be so." In holding out these

artful promises he had, however, no other aim but to free himself from the intercessions which he daily received in favour of the illustrious accused.

Madame Buonaparte in the meantime sent secret information of the Consul's sentiments to the General's wife, engaging her to persuade her husband, if possible, to make some advances. Madame Moreau omitted no efforts to prevail upon him to bend to the circumstances, but prayers, tears, caresses, were alike unavailable, Moreau was inflexible. "My dearest," said he to her, taking her hands. "I love you tenderly, more even than life itself, but "honour is still dearer to me. What "you ask is impossible, it would cover "me with infamy." Madame Moreau fainted, he was obliged to call assis-

tance. When recovered, she renewed her intreaties, and the General, to tranquillize her, at length promised to write to the first Consul. This he did the very next day. His letter is well known; it was to require the observance of certain forms, and a simple, yet noble declaration of his innocence. The Grand-Judge's answer, given by order of Buonaparte, is also well known.

I am ignorant by what means the consul became acquainted with Madame Moreau's intercessions to her husband, but two days after he gave the whole detail of the scene to the governor of Paris. These different reports, joined to the mortal hatred which he bore the General, would without doubt have determined his being consigned to destruction, if the tribunal,

seduced by the Consul's insidious promises, had convicted him to the full extent of the charges. This opinion is strongly supported by what follows.

When the Consul was informed that the General was convicted but not capitally, he could not restrain his anger and vexation. "Such timid and undecided judges," he said, "are the ruin of a country, I had rather see bold prevaricators." For some days he was in a dreadful humour, and this was not mended by another event which occurred.

As he was getting into his carriage to go to Saint-Cloud, a packet was put into his hand by some obscure person. He took it, and gave it to his his brother Louis who was in the carriage. I must observe by the way that never

did prince display greater eagerness than Buonaparte to read all private papers, whether directly addressed to him, whether remitted to him secretly or whether those which the ministers thought proper to lay before him. This observation is a most complete proof that insensibility, despotism, and all the fury of ambition were deeply rooted in his heart, and that nothing could possibly inspire him with pacific sentiments. A large volume might be made of papers secretly remitted to him. In some, wise and moderate measures were recommended, without any other apparent object but his own personal glory and happiness ; these were what gave him the deepest offence. Others analysed alike his conduct and his moral and physical qualities, reproaching him

with his faults, and with the little solidity there was in all his institutions; these were generally treated with a sarcastic smile, though sometimes they excited his anger. Others, not keeping within any bounds, loaded him with abuse and reproaches, finishing by predicting him a fate more terrible than that which he has experienced; these he affected to treat with a contempt which in his heart he did not feel. Yet I never could find that he endeavoured to pursue the authors of these things; it is true that to know them was almost impossible, from the facility with which the multitude could approach him, and slide anything into his hand. Perhaps a stronger reason was that he would not render public the causes which occasioned the researches made; it must

also be said, that considering the great contempt he shewed in most instances for the lives and liberties of men, he was as to these private strictures, passably tolerant.

This digression, which was indispensable, has almost made me lose sight of the packet put into his hand as he was setting out for Saint-Cloud. That very evening he opened it, apparently in a moment of abstraction, when there were five or six persons present. It would be difficult to give an adequate idea of the total change which took place in all his features, as he looked over the papers. He could not go on ; he endeavoured to shake off the impression made, and to join in the conversation, but it was impossible. His emotion was so evident that M.

D—e whispered me: "There is some-
"thing amiss, we shall know it from
"you." When the company retired the Consul again took up the packet. Its contents were word for word what follows: every syllable is faithfully copied from the original.

"Citizen Consul,

"In dedicating to you the following trifle, the offspring of my love for the public good, and the lively interest I take in your august person, I have no other view but to oppose an impenetrable dyke to that torrent of murmurs and accusations which an indiscreet, blind, snd partial public, dares to let fall on you and on the tribunal which had the courage to condemn the greatest captain of the age, the illus-

trious Moreau, to two years of imprisonment.

" Citizen Consul, if I shall succeed in recalling the public to more just sentiments towards you, if I can convince them of the impartiality and still more of the generosity of your conduct in this affair, I think I shall, and I dare flatter myself, Citizen Consul, you will think the same—I think I shall have accomplished a very arduous task. It will not be a less arduous one if I succeed in proving that the tribunal has consulted nothing but the dictates of conscience, and the laws of equity.

" If you condescend, Citizen Consul, to honour my work with your protection and to let it share the lustre of your fame, I do not doubt of the most complete success. I am of all the French

your most obedient humble servant and subject.

MANASSA.

Lawyer and Writer.

Justification of the Sentence pronounced against General Moreau, or irrefutable Proofs that he was impartially, justly, and legally condemned.

Two suns cannot enlighten the world at once, they would burn each other.

DABRY *of Bourges.*

" Did Moreau conspire against the first Consul ?—He did, and I will prove it.

" Moreau, eminent for all the qualities which constitute a great captain, had acquired a reputation in France,

and in foreign countries, which eclipsed that of the chief Consul. *(First offence.)*

" Moreau, born simple and modest, the enemy of charlatanism and vanity, passed, by his conduct, a severe censure on the very opposite conduct of the chief Consul. *(Second offence.)*

" Moreau, humane, full of sensibility and amenity towards his soldiers, was adored by them, while he saw only in his young but intrepid followers, precious blood, which could not too carefully be preserved to the country.

" Buonaparte, naturally severe, persuaded that in high dignities mildness and affability lead to contempt, never smiled upon his soldiers but when he wanted to encrease their courage, and paid no regard to their lives if he had

any object to attain, however useless it might be. Thence the cold indifference of his troops towards him, they having never considered him in any other light than as a severe master whom they must follow.

" Moreau would rather suffer two thousand Austrians and six pieces of connon to escape him, than sacrifice four thousand men to force the defile of Clistadt where the Germans were intrenched. Was not this pusillanimous attention to his troops a tacit accusation brought against the first magistrate of the state, who in his campaigns in Italy suffered four regiments of Frenchmen to be cut to pieces, only to get possession of five pieces of cannon, eight carriages, some old musquets, and three or four sutlers.

"What can Moreau answer to these facts which are known to all the world?—Nothing;—unless that those two thousand Germans whom he would not purchase by the sacrifice of four thousand French, surrendered themselves prisoners the very next day, without a gun being fired. With him this was a matter scarcely mentioned: with the First Consul it would have been a splendid victory; and the public prints would have resounded with the great talents which he had displayed in the affair. From five to six thousand men, it is true, would have bit the dust, but the lives of so many men is a trivial consideration when the question is to augment the fame of the Commander, and to make the country respected.

"From all these circumstances it results that Moreau has conspired against the First Consul: if not against his life, at least against the power with which he has invested himself, and against the great designs which he meditates.

"It is a fact that General Moreau by his magnanimity, his genius, his mildness, his modesty, his integrity, his disinterestedness, has given, and always will give, reason to make comparisons between him and the First Consul, so much the more injurious to the latter as the result must be to weaken the esteem and admiration which every Frenchman ought blindly to have for the supreme chief of the state. *A great offence again.*

"Moreau, generally esteemed, che-

rished by the whole army, may prove a powerful obstacle in the way of the First Consul's high destinies, and deprive France and all Europe of seeing a little citizen of Ajascio upon the throne of Henry IV. Of what a brilliant and terrible model will the ambitious then be deprived! What a lesson will be snatched from the world! What a subject will be lost to history! No, people of the universe, and I shudder while I say it, no, you would then never have read this sentence, terribly sublime. 'The French assassinated 'their King, and none among them 'dared to replace him: a Corsican has 'surpassed them all in daring, and 'five-and-twenty millions of men 'tremble under his laws.'

"Well, partisans of the victor of

Hohenlinden, what have you to allege against these facts? Destroy them, I challenge you to do it. You have gently murmured, I say *gently*, for I would do you justice; you are discontented, but not factious; you have, I say, gently murmured at the sentence pronounced against your favourite.—And why?—Because you believe that he was arraigned and deprived of his liberty for having had two or three interviews with Pichegru and Lajolais. You are in an error. These interviews, which have not been well proved, were nothing but a pretence to varnish over greater crimes. These crimes I have explained, and I doubt not you are persuaded, like me, that they are of a nature to establish the most reprehensible culpability. It is thus, indeed,

that the tribunal has judged them in the sight of God and of man. *Here is another grievous offence committed by General Moreau.* I merely allude to this subject, the facts against the culprit are already but too numerous and too heavy.

" If General Moreau had not been brought before the tribunal; if he had not been checked in his endeavours to stop the gigantic strides of the First Consul; if, as might have been the case, the latter had been compelled to abandon his vast projects, what then would have become of that multitude of people of all classes, who already begin to fasten themselves to his car and accompany him in his flight. Would many among them, devoid of genius, destitute of resources, having

no recommendations but a front of brass, and great aptitude to bend, be now hovering over the ocean of a delicious futurity? But here I stop.—The abyss of future events terrifies me, and I have no wish to aggravate the crimes of the accused. It is sufficient that I have demonstrated and proved unanswerably, the injustice of the murmurs raised against the First Consul, and the impartiality of the tribunal which loaded with irons the victor of Hohenlinden."

It is easy to see that the author of this piece was a most determined enemy of the First Consul and his ambitious views. In doing justice to the writer's principles I cannot forbear blaming the manner in which he made them known

to the man by whom they might be so cruelly punished. He never was discovered, that I know—but he was the occasion of suspicion falling upon many innocent persons, who for eighty-six days languished in fetters, and who owed their lives only to their persecutor's total inability to fix upon them the least indication of malevolent intentions. If these Memoirs should ever fall into the hands of this same writer, he may be gratified with knowing, if that be a satisfaction sufficient to counterbalance the mischief he has occasioned, that he reduced, for some minutes, the most imperious, the most malevolent man of his age, to the most lamentable state imaginable.

By his order I had shut the windows, though but the moment before

he had made me open them. All on a sudden, forgetting that he was a man, that in the post he occupied he ought to expect hatred, opposition, vexation, and above all, that it was incumbent on him to make himself respected by those around him—all on a sudden, I say, become purple with rage—I saw him strike his knuckles hard, the one against the other, walk about with hasty steps, and break, at the risk of wounding himself, a globe of Cassini's. To these terrible actions were joined threats and imprecations, till totally exhausted, his limbs could support him no longer, and he sunk into a chair, with his two hands extended over his face. I contemplated him, tears moistened my eyelids—this I must own, though it may be made a re-

proach to me. Alas! who would not, like me, have wept to see one whose fate was at that moment the envy of so many other ambitious men, consigned over, as if he had been the lowest of his species, to the most horrible torments of anger.

When somewhat calmed, he rose from his seat. His countenance was no longer purple, a yellowish hue had succeeded, drops of water hung on his eye-lashes. "Give me a glass "of water," he said mildly.—I brought him one, he drank it off at a draught. "You weep," he said—"you are happy—it would soothe me "—I have so many vexations—those "people vex and torment me. I will "no longer be their victim. Set the "windows open." He then sat down

tranquilly to write, but in a moment after turning to me, said—"You have "seen—be secret, I entreat." This last word surprised me; I was not accustomed to it. But what gave me still stronger subject for reflection, was to see him pass so rapidly from a state of such violent agitation to a perfect calm. Twenty others, after such a paroxysm, would have been obliged to keep their beds. I have always hence concluded that he must have had a very strong constitution.

I know not whether he confided this adventure the next day to D...., who at that time was much in his intimacy; but I heard the latter say to him—"In your place I should have "thrown the thing into the fire, and "thought no more about it."—"It is

" very true," said the Consul, " but " there are things, the impudence of " which entirely unhinge me." It is easy to guess, from the storm produced by this one circumstance alone, how much all that he had heard and saw must have increased his hatred to Moreau. Nevertheless, in hating him, he still relied upon his integrity and his horror at every kind of crime; nor did he believe him capable of any attempt against his (the First Consul's) life. No one can better appreciate this sentiment than myself. The day after sentence was pronounced on Moreau, he said to me—" You know this man?" " Not personally, but to judge from " the public opinion, he must be a " man of merit."—" The public are " mere rabble, and Moreau is wrong-

" headed. Whose fault is it that all
" is not forgotten — must we be al-
" ways in motion?—But it is done—
" let him reflect." As he was walk-
ing about all this time, I could catch
only broken phrases, which I did not
perfectly comprehend.

A few days after, the senator F. . . .
was, as I suspect, charged to make
some proposals to Moreau, in order to
bring about a reconciliation between
him and the First Consul, but without
its appearing that he was commissioned
by the latter. Moreau was inflexible:
" My fate," said he to those who urged
it, " is preferable to that of the usur-
" per. It will not excite the anger
" of other nations, and by that will
" this unfortunate man be one day
" crushed."

When the illustrious proscript set out for the place of his exile, the officer charged with accompanying him received long instructions from Murat: he was ordered to insinuate to Moreau in the course of his journey, that his fate was still not irrevocable. The officer even said, that he would take upon himself the risk of having a letter conveyed to the Emperor. "I "thank you," he replied, "but I know "of no such dignity in France."—Thus, whatever Regnaud may say, if General Moreau would have made the slightest concession, he might soon have been one of the first dignitaries in the State. This, twenty persons know as well as myself.

The case was not the same with Pichegru. Although less celebrated

than Moreau, and less beloved by the people and the army, Buonaparte feared him much more. For a long time he had vowed the death of this illustrious partizan of royalty. He knew well that Pichegru was not a man to practise any kind of forbearance; he feared his impetuosity, his eloquence, and his rare intrepidity.—What rendered him, besides, extremely formidable was, that he was in possession of important secrets relative to the 13th of Vendemaire and 18th of Fructidor, with others, which deeply concerned the First Consul, and which if made public might injure him very much in the minds of the French people. Pichegru had been so imprudent as to say in England, that if at his return to France he should find an

opportunity of speaking in public, he would unmask the wretch who gave laws to the country in a manner that should make them sll ready to stone him. Propositions like these, worse than indiscreet, were soon known to Buonaparte by means of two of his most famous spies, Messieurs M. . . . and M. . d. How much these two men are to be pitied, if they feel daily but one twinge of remorse for every crime they have committed.

It is not very surprising that Buonaparte, knowing these things, and finding himself master of the person of so bitter an enemy, should resolve to remove him out of the way. He feared so much the failing in this blow, that in the warrant issued for arresting Pichegru are these dreadful words—*If*

he resist, kill him. The importance of the confessions which he might make, was of no weight against this cruel order; and if the conqueror of Holland had made the slightest resistance, the prison of the Concergerie would not have been the theatre of an atrocious crime.

END OF VOL. I.

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